

Mr. DUNN

TALL

FRANKLIN

MR. DUFFY'S

Page 19. line 13. for *how 'twas done*, read *how was done*.
 p. 56. l. 20. for *France* r. *Franco*. p. 86. l. 11. for
readily r. *readily i' oblig*. p. 90. l. 4. for *and to be*,
 r. *and to be*. p. 132. l. 10. for *and to duty*. p. 138.
 l. 14. for *the Breast* r. *the Breast*. p. 160. l. 17. for *the*
Lombard, r. *the Lombard*. p. 172. l. 3. for *did did*, r. *did*.
 p. 177. l. 1. for *pleasam*, r. *winding*. p. 207. l. 7. for
and, r. *and*. p. 224. l. 20. for *his* r. *this*. p. 236. l. 23.
 for *and*, r. *and*. p. 241. l. 13. for *and*, r. *and*.
 p. 250. l. 1. for *and*, r. *this*.

TALES TRAGICAL AND COMICAL

VIZ.

Abradatus and Panthea, or Love and Honour in Perfection. } Tragical.

Hell beyond Hell, or The Devil and Mademoiselle. } Comical.

Female Revenge, or The Queen of Lombardy. } Tragical.

The Night-Adventures, or The Country Intrigue. } Comical.

Fatal Piety, or The Royal Convert. } Tragical.

The broken Commands, or The Heir Adopted. } Comical.

From the Prose of some Famous Antique Italian, Spanish, and French Authors. Done into several Parts of English Verse, with large Additions and Improvements.

By *THO. DUFFET*, Gent.

Et prodest vellemus & delectare Poetas

Et foveamus simul Litteras & idonea vicia. Horatius.

L O N D O N.

Printed for *Bernard Lintot*, at the Middle-Temple Gate in Fleet-street. 1704.

TALLES TRAGICAL AND COMICAL.

Abstracts and Pantheas, or Love } Tragicall.
 and Honour as Perfection.
 A full beyond Hell, or The Devil and } Comical.
 Mischonophy.
 Female Revenge, or The Queen of } Tragicall.
 Lombardy.
 The Night-Whistlers, or The } Comical.
 Country Justice.
 The Part of the Royal Court, or } Tragicall.
 The broken Comedian, or The } Comical.
 Adopted.
 From the Poets of some Pantheon, and the Kallias, and
 and some others. Done into verse of English
 Verse, with large Additions and Improvements.

By THO. DOWNEY, Gent.

At the Theatre Royal, in the Strand, London.
 Printed and sold by J. Smith, at the Theatre Royal, in the Strand, London.



Printed for B. Smith, at the Theatre Royal, in the Strand, London.

and therefore my Guardian Gen-
tle to have me Obedient to great a de-

fect, has at this juncture inspir'd
me with the first and noblest

ly with presence of mind to intro-
duce and humbly dedicate my self

and this Book to Your Grace
D U K E

For as striking Beauty charms
the Souls and Hearts of all those

when it appears in the world
with Actions and Reasons that are
A R G Y L E

My Lord,

A Man not touch'd with either
of the Passions, Ambition, or
Love, is often found deficient in
Performance of his greatest Design,

A 3 and

Epistle Dedicatory.

and therefore my Guardian Genius, to save me from so great a defect, has at this Juncture Inspir'd me with the first, and consequently with presence of mind to Introduce and humbly Dedicate my self, and this Book to Your Grace.

For, as attractive Beauty charms the Souls and Hearts of all those whom it makes its Captives, so Heroick Actions, and Personal Bravery, especially when set like a Jewel of Inestimable Value, in Illustrious Greatness, cannot fail to Influence all those who have regard by a true Sense of Honour.

Had

Epistle Dedicatory.

Had Your Grace's Character been
less Eminent, my Presumption had
been less Aspiring; where there is
no Merit to Engage, there will be
no Endeavour to Record; but
where a Hero is signaliz'd by Ad-
mirable Performances, the Age he
Lives in must be very Dull and In-
grateful, not to desire (and the Poets
in it more than Stupid; not to em-
ploy themselves in) the Publishing
the proper Applause, due on so ex-
traordinary an Occasion.

And here, tho' I have a Thou-
sand Temptations that urge me to
pursue that Subject, not only from

Epistle Dedicatory.

my own Observation at a distance,
but Information from Your Grace's
Humble Servants and Admirers
who are continually possessing me
with Your numerous Vertues, and
Good Qualities; Your constant Bra-
very in War, since your noble
Commencement of Arms, in the
Reign of the late Glorious King
William; (and notwithstanding
Your High Quality) Your
Perseverance at this Juncture under
Her present Adorable Majesty,
(whom Heaven defend and bless
with a long and happy Reign)
which is so transcendent an Ho-
nour done our Royal Forces, whom
Your Humility condescends to make
Your

Epistle Dedicatory.

Your Companions in Arms, that
(considering your Post) must Re-
nown Your Name amongst them
whilst they have a Being, and can
never be forgotten in our after
Ages.

Though, also my Lord, I am ex-
treamly sensible of Your Candour,
Affability, and Justice to Your
Friends, Your noble Courtesie and
Humanity to Your Inferiours, Your
easiness of Access, and other Ex-
cellencies of Mind, too numerous
and too worthy to describe in hastel;
yet considering first my own Insuf-
ficiency, and next, Your Grace's In-
disputable Due, I have, like a bash-
ful

Epistle Dedicatory.

ful Painter, awfully withdrawn my Pencil from attempting a Peice, which is already drawn in the liveliest Colours in every one's Heart and Brain, who has ever had the Honour of Your Conversation, or Character.

The Justice of Praise, my Lord, has always two critical Niceties attending it, *viz.* Desire to Oblige, and Fear to Offend; therefore are all Panegyricks or Dedications more or less esteem'd, as the Patron is Inclined in his Temper to be opinionated, or modest, fulsom Flattery being proper to be vainly lik'd by the first, as decent Truth, and grate-
ful

Epistle Dedicatory.

ful Justice is blushinglly suffer'd by the last. Yet, notwithstanding this, Praise has been thought a Duty natural, and receiv'd in all Ages. The Monarch must be Illustrated with his Victorious Trophies, Encomiums, and Motto's; the gracious and most exalted Blessing of Mortality, *Charming Woman*, with the description of prostrate Victims, subdu'd by her Beauty; the Holy, or seeming Holy Church Patriot, with Images of his Sanctity of Life, and Convertive Faculty; the Statesman will like well enough to be tickled with a handsome applause of his admirable Plan of Government; and the Lawyer be gravely pleas'd with

Epistle Dedicatory.

with a Treatise that compares his Judgment to that of the famous Cook and *Littleton*; nor can Applause be possibly more welcome, or cherish'd in these times, than in those formerly, the gravest *Athenians* have allow'd it with Pleasure; and in old *Rome* the Famous *Mantuan* Swan fail'd not to meet his desir'd Success on that Subject, nay, and without being Imagin'd to be guilty of daubing; for as a certain Poet formerly wrote.

*When once great Virgil by Augustus sat,
To Read the Work he was to Dedicate,
Tho' Praises even Extravagant did seem,
Yet Cæsar did not think he Flatter'd him.*

But

Epistle Dedicatory.

But the bold Assurance that possess'd Authors to entertain the great ones of those Times, must give me no Authority to venture too rashly in this; for, as becoming Modesty is the most delightful Plant that can grow to Perfection, not only in our *Brittish* Soil, but in any other Nation, and since I am satisfied how much it is cherish'd by Your Grace's Influence, and Indulgence, I shall cease from further Encomium, for fear of losing Your Favour, (which I have so great an Ambition to purchase) by giving Offence to Your Ear, enlarging upon a Theme, of which You modestly think You cannot hear too little, and
I am

Epistle Dedicatory.

I am convinc'd I cannot Illustrate too much.

And now to relieve Your Grace, by coming to a Conclusion, I will only add, That the Honours and Favours I have generally receiv'd from the Nobility and Gentry of the most Noble and Ancient Scotch Nation, to whom, with all Cordial Duty, and Respect, I acknowledge my self to be infinitely oblig'd; but more especially, the endearing Condescension shewn, and generous Courtesies that I for many Years past enjoy'd from Your late Princely Father, is a second strong Inducement to me to beg the continuance of that Honour
and

Epistle Dedicatory

and Happiness from Your Grace, and
as the Glorious Family of the *Ar-*
gyles, stil'd formerly, *The True As-*
serters of the Liberty of their Nation,
were in all Ages signaliz'd for con-
stant Bravery of Soul, and uncom-
mon Sweetness of Temper, so I can-
not doubt but my offer'd Duty, and
this Poem I Present, will find a re-
ception answerable to Your ad-
mir'd Character, which, with my
Joyful Congratulation for the Ju-
stice and Royal Mark of Favour Her
Majesty has newly shewn, by Invest-
ing Your Grace with the most Noble,
and Ancient Order of the *Thistle*, and
and wishing the Perpetual Continu-
ance of Your Glory and Felicity, but
espe-

Epistle Dedicatory.

especially, the long and happy Enjoyment of Your Excellent Consort, my Lady Dutchess, whose singular Vertue and Beauty (when some time since I had the Honour of seeing her) had then rais'd her to so happy a Sphere, which nothing but Your Grace's Affection could give Addition to, shall, with all imaginable Reverence and Humility, conclude this Trouble given by

My LORD,

Your Grace's most Humble

and Devoted Servant

T. D'URFEY.

THE PREFACE.

THE PREFACE.

IT was by Reading the Inimitable Mr. Dryden's last Work, that Curiosity grew in me to attempt these following Tales; and tho' I cannot charge my self with the Insolence of so much as hoping to come up with him in so Ingenious and Divertive a Performance; yet, I confess, I could not suppress the Ambition of endeavouring to follow him at an awful Distance, and please my self in keeping just in Sight of so Renown'd and Incomparable an Author, in a Work, which all my whole Lifetime I have delighted in, and which I al-
a ways

The PREFACE.

ways thought extremely proper for all Peoples Diversion, whose Devotion, Business, or Politicks did not render their Humours too gravid to admit of Pleasurable Entertainments in any kind, as well as things of this sort.

I had formerly sometimes the Honour to have that Excellent Poet before-mention'd, Commend publickly my Lyrical Genius, and the things it produc'd; for the Tales and Stories generally to be found in 'em, which, I hope, they that are unbiass'd with Prejudice to me, and have at any time consider'd those Matters, will do me Justice also to acknowledge, nor have most of my Comedies been wanting in that Particular, the Plotted Drama having generally escap'd the Criticks, whatever other Faults (tho' they'll find none without 'em) have submitted me to the Severity of their Censure, and therefore a little Encourag'd by this, I have the greater Hopes that my first Endeavours in this kind, will appear not altogether unworthy the obliging Reader's Hour of Leisure, when relaxation of Mind from other weighty Affairs have given him proper Opportunity.

They

The PREFACE.

They were most of 'em the Product of last Summer's Study, during my Retirement into the Country, and Encourag'd by some Judicious Persons, who saw them severally, and gave me their Opinion, that they would meet with that Success I hop'd for, when they came to be Publish'd; and tho' I am conscious to my self, and extremely sensible that some of them, especially those in Heroick Verse, have not, in particular Places, that smoothness in the Verse, or Elegance in Stile, with which that great Master, before-mention'd, us'd to adorn his own; yet, to make some little amends for that defect (which is almost every Poet's Case) the Reader shall find in the following Sheets the Thread of the Discourse not tedious, but wove on, and continued with a Delectable Art, which is not every one's Talent.

This Assertion will be best prov'd in the Reading the Tales of Hell beyond Hell, and the Country Intrigue; the first of which, tho' I took the hint of it from the French Prose of Monsieur Louveau, and have now laid the Scene in France, yet Originally Commenc'd from the famous Matchiavil's Belphegor, in his Florentine History, and the last from the

THE PREFACE.

Ingenious Boccace, in the large Additions and Embelishment of both, which, when the Reader has the Opportunity to compare 'em with the Original, I have some reason to hope he will neither find dearth of Fancy, nor failure in Improving the Stories.

As for the Subject Matter, I have design'd it with a Moral, running through the whole; and tho' the first Comick, and second Tragick Tales in their different kinds are Satyrs upon two of the Fair Sex, yet the First and Fifth have in their Characters, two such Beautiful Images of Vertue, and all other Excellencies of Mind, and Body, that I doubt not, but pursuant to my Wish, they will Confirm me in their Favour.

The Fourth Comick Tale from Boccace being of a light wanton kind, though, I hope, Guarded from Capricious Censure, by the Authority of that Antique Author, and my own clean and decent Dressing, as it is most proper to divert the Youthful and Gay part of the Town, I hope will not offend the more Serious, since Variety is always requisite to give the Intended Satisfaction in things of this Nature. The last
has,

THE PREFACE.

has, with its Excellent Moral, a couch't Satyr upon Disobedience, and tho' 'tis dress'd in this Comick Habit, will, with its Air, divert and please the Reverend Sire, who, maugre his Indulgence, breeds an Heir under his Roof, whose headstrong Humour, and ungovern'd Temper, often rashly flights the mature, and well weigh'd Injunctions of Instructive, Age, and Experience. And thus having given an Account of them all, I have no more to do but to Request the Obliging Reader to Excuse, and Pardon the Errors he finds in the whole, and particularly, some Scapes and Mistakes of the Press, which to reconcile, I desire him to turn to the Errata at the beginning of the Book, or mend with his Pen, as he thinks good, assuring him, that in my next Volume which (if I find this answers my Expectation) shall soon be Publish'd, I will, with more Care and Art divert him, and expose some pleasant Humours, as well Modern as Antique, which shall not fail to be Entertaining.

If the Reader finds in one of these Tales some few smart Touches of the Satyr's Whip, Lashing up and down in some particular Characters and Places, let him only look on it as
a little

The PREFACE.

*a little Salt scatter'd, to Season the whole Dish
and also entertain a kind Opinion of my Modesty
for turning it from my own Country Na-
tives upon Foreigners, but withal, I desire
him to believe, that were my Nature fond of
Scandal, as it is proper enough for an Eng-
lishman, I neither want a Genius to per-
form, nor do I live in an Age that cannot
perpetually furnish me with Subject Matter.*

ABRABATUS

Disb
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Na
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Eng
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mo
ter.

ABRADATUS

AND

PANTHEA

OR,

LOVE and HONOUR

IN

P E R F E C T I O N.

A Tragical Tale.

In Two CANTO'S.

US

Done out of *Xenophon's* History of *Cyrus*,
and the Prose of an Antique Famous *French*
Writer, into *Engliff* Heroick Verse, with large
Embellishments. By the Author.

ABRARDATUS

AND

PANTHEA

OR

LOVE and HONOUR

IN

PERFECTION

A Tragic Tale.

In Two Cantos.

Donatus of Xanthos's History of Cyprus
and the Prose of an Antique Famous French
Writer, into English Heroick Verse, with large
Embellishments. By the Author.

Abradatus and Panthea:

OR,

LOVE and HONOUR in Perfection.

The INTRODUCTION.

I Sing of Glorious Wreaths of Honour won;
 Of Lovers, by the chance of War undone;
 Of Martial Acts, and Valour in Excess;
 Of Sacred Vertue in its fairest Dress;
 Of God-like Temperance, a Grace refin'd,
 Which to Angelick Heights exalts the Mind;
 Of Empires got, and Haughty Monarchs brav'd,
 Of Battles Fought, and Beauteous Queens enslav'd;
 Of Fatal Dangers, and Extreame's of Woe,
 Oh *Phæbus*, a Celestial Ray bestow:
 The Theme is Charming, let my Verse be so.

Abradatus and Panthea.

Triumphant *Cyrus* now had nobly won
 Th' *Assyrian* Palm, and enter'd *Babylon*;
 The Tents and Treasure of the Enemy,
 Jewels, and Gold, besides a *Galaxy*
 Of Glittering Dames that grac'd the Victory,
 (A Custom us'd by every *Eastern* King,
 A Shining *Bery* to the Field to bring;
 To Animate bold Hearts by Beauty's Charms,
 And add new Vigour to the Warriour's Arms.)
 All seiz'd, from those were flying o'er the Plain,
 And their great Monarch, *Labinetus*, * Slain :

When lo, amongst the Captives, in a Swoon,
 Breathless and Pale, extended on the Ground,
 Half Dead with Fear, a lovely Queen was found.
 Whose opening Eyes, when they recover'd Sight,
 To Bless th' Admirer, and new Beam the Light;
 With Sweetness Charm'd, and Soveraignly Ex-
 Her Worth and Dignity above the rest, (press'd
 Who all around like Statues seem'd to be;
 Grown Stupid with new fall'n Calamity.

The Foremost Page in the bright Book of Fame,
 This Princess fill'd; *Panthea* was her Name,

* Alias Evil Merodach Successor to the great Nebuchadne-
 zor, K. of Baylon.

Her Husband's * *Abradat*, whose high Renown,
 In Arms, was equal with the Bravest known.
 A Glorious Chief, (who still Fought for Applause)
 And Volunteer in the great *Syrian* Cause:
 Who at this Hour being busied to Defend
 The Slaughter'd Body of his Royal Friend
 From Vulgar Injuries, sadly beheld
 His own dire Loss, the Glory of the Field;
 The Kind and Beauteous Partner of his Bed,
 Before his Face, a Mourning Pris'ner led.

Oh! who can Paint the Passion of the Soul
 At such a Sight; the Tears now trickling rowl
 Down on his glowing Cheeks; --his Eyes dart Fire;
 He wishes th' World and Nature would Expire:
 Or that he bore the Thunder to Attack
 That *Russian* Troop, and fetch the Charmer back;
 Or that *Arasspas* * who her hand now held,
 To clash with his--- durst meet him in the Field,
 That he might use him as his Fancy feign'd,
 Which oft makes things Impossible, obtain'd;
 But Fate has doom'd, and let him Storm and
 He must Retreat from Odds himself to save,
 Whilst th' Lady is design'd the Conqueror's Slave,
 To *Cyrus*, a Rich Present to be made,
 By the Commander of his first Brigader;

* King of Susia. † A Median Prince, chief Favourite to *Cyrus*.

For such *Araspas* was, * a Favourite too;
 Completion'd Sanguine, and of Swarthy Hue,
 Adapt to Arms, and the rough Toils of *Mars*,
 And oft to *Venus*, and her softer Wars;
 But Loyal still, and to his Honour Just,
 And by his Master plac'd in highest Trust.

(Crown'd,
 Next Evening therefore, when the Goblet
 Within the Royal Tent, went briskly round;
 When *Cyrus*, and the rest o'th' noted Great,
 In Mirth their late Successes did Repeat;
 The *Median* Prince, himself t' Ingratiate more,
 After Rich Spoils of Conquest running o'er;
 Of his Fair Pris'ner speaks,— then, who she was,
 With all the Wonders of her Shape and Face;
 Of whom, though the Wise King before had

(heard
 And for close Reasons, Sight of her deferr'd;
 Yet now *Araspas* hears, with great Regard.

Who tells him, 'mongst the *Babylonian* Dames,
 Who through the Orient vast Exalt their Fames,
 She was of all th' undoubted Paragon;
 Nor did their Awful, Radiant God, the Sun,
 The Prostrate Vages*, Sacrificing there,
 The Consecrated Horses, who appear
 White as the Lilly of the Blooming Year,

* Character of *Araspas*. * Milk-white Horses Consecrated to the Sun, the Persians chief Sacrifice. Herodot. l. 1.

When Glittering in his best Divinity,
 Attract more Trembling Worshippers than She;
 Then of her Husband spoke, his Skill in War,
 Nor lessen'd ought of his Brave Character;
 And in Conclusion, he the King desir'd,
 To see this piece of Beauty so Admir'd,
 Whose Fame had spread around the Spacious East,
 And kindled warm Desire in every Breast;
 To whom Great Cyrus, whose Majestick Soul,
 Resolv'd that Glory still should Love controul,
 Turning with Gracious Look, a smiling Eye,
 And Brow serene and smooth, thus made Reply.

* Oh Prince! If in past days thou e'er hadst met
 That noble Tract of Patriarchal Wit,
 That bids thee thoroughly search thy Heart, and
 (try,
 If it a grand Temptation dares defie,
 Before thou ventur'st on, and com'st too nigh.
 Thou then would'st own I should refuse a thing
 Might soil the Honour'd Purple of a King.
 Well do I know, and that I'm form'd 'tis plain,
 Of the same Transient Mold with other Men;
 My Passions too as strong, and apt to Fire
 My Heart, and make it burn in fierce Desire;
 Nor am I Proof against the Killing Grace
 Of Charming Eyes, or an alluring Face;

* Cyrus resolving not to See Panthea, makes this Speech to Araspus.

Abradatus and Panthea,

But flexible and soft in every Part,
And least defensive nearest to my Heart.
Bright Glory therefore that employs my Care,
Improves my Sence, and Wisdom bids beware;
From Lightning that may Blast to close my Eye,
Nor play with Tapers, like the wanton Fly,
Lest I Enslav'd at last, a Captive lie,
The plain broad Path I now securely tread,
Which to the Temple of bright Fame does lead,
'Twere weakness in a small By-Tract to Stray,
More hard to keep, and I might lose my way;
Besides, who needless Dangers long to try,
Pay often dear for Curiosity.

This Beauteous Queen that does Inspire the
(rest
Of Lookers on, with Love, may Charm my Breast,
Corrupt my Reason, stop the Glorious War,
Convert my Love of Arms to Love of her;
For I profess to wear no Spell that may
Resist sweet Beauty, nor controul its Sway;
And should this be, how mean were *Cyrus* then,
How fall'n from the Repute he bore with Men,
From a great Conquerour, grown a Woman's
(Slave,
Besides the Pangs her weded Spouse would have,
Whom you have spoke a noble Prince, and brave,
To hear, curs'd Wrongs, which Honour ought to
(shun,
By Lawless Power, and my Injustice done:

No,

CANTO. I.

9

No, Prince, my Fame shall never wear such
 (Stains;
 ' So base a Robbery my Soul disdains;
 ' As a sad Captive, whom the chance of War
 ' Submits, till Ransome does Enfranchise her,
 ' She must remain, and Fate's Disasters bear,
 ' Yet shall her Honour be unsoil'd, and clear;
 ' And that no Power this Resolution break,
 ' I will not give Occasion to be Weak.

' Not but 'tis possible, I will believe,
 ' To stand her Forces, and no Hurt receive,
 ' I may resist, but I am now secure,
 ' Nor will I give to Doubt a thing is sure;
 ' Therefore will keep me from the dangerous Fair,
 ' Who may Surprize before I am aware;
 ' Nor does thy own Concern deserve less Care.
 ' Youth for Delight does all occasions wait,
 ' And tempting Beauty is a Luscious Bait;
 ' Let Honour then by my Example move
 ' Thy Heart to Arms, and be thy Guard from Love;
 ' Use the Fair Mourner, as becomes her Place,
 ' Her Vertues Charms revere but not her Face;
 ' All generous Offices still let her find,
 ' But do not take the Leisure to be Kind:
 ' Left from a little Spark arise a Flame,
 ' And loss of Heart precede the loss of Fame.

Thus spoke the King, to whom *Araspas*, fir'd
 With late Renown he had in th' Field acquir'd,
 And

And in wild Youthful Rashness prone to deem,
 No Force of either Sex could Conquer him,
 With bold Assurance, answer'd, that his Heart
 Was hardned, Proof against all Female Art,
 Which Glory, so entirely did employ,
 There was no room for any other Joy.

But little knew this Prince the Power of Love,
 Or how prevailing Beauties Arms could prove,
 As little too of his young Heart took Care,
 Or the King's Sage Advice, who bad beware
 Th' Alluring Eyes of the Enchanting Fair;
 For scarce had the Pale Empress of the

(Night,
 Twice from her Orb emptied her borrow'd Light,
 And twice repleted, shone Serene and Bright.
 When chang'd *Araspas* found new Thoughts In-
 (spire

His Martial Breast, * insinuating Desire
 From th' daily Object of the Lovely Queen,
 Had blown the Sparks that had long cover'd been,
 And till that luckless Minute ne'er were seen.
 Hourly his Eyes th' ill-guarded Heart betray,
 Around it still her careless Graces Play,
 As if they watch'd to steal it quite away.
 In vain he Labours too, to shun her Sight,
 To gaze on her is now his chief Delight;

* *Araspas* Falls in Love with Q. *Panthea*.

He's ne'er at Ease but then, and more to prove
The perfect Symptoms of a Man in Love,
And true Effects of Am'rous Lethargy,
His Face turns pale, and he begins to Sigh,
Oppress'd with Passion, rising to Extreams,
He mutters out *Panthea* in his Dreams.

His Love to active Arms each Day grows less,
And now his time is all employ'd in Dress;
Except those precious Hours that spent had been
About assiduous Service on the Queen,
Who gave him all returns her modest Fear,
With Sorrow mix'd, in Decency could spare;
A Gracious Look, yet such as seem'd to be
Of liking, not the Effect, but Courtesie;
For Tears still fill'd her Eyes whene'er she thought
She of her dear Lord's right had given ought;
Therefore to Suit ('twas not her least of Cares,)
Behaviour to her Posture of Affairs.

But now Love-pin'd *Arasps* cannot be
Contented, with thin fare of Courtesie;
His Passion breaks its Bound, and flows above,
Which nothing can confine, but Love for Love;
And that, in plainest Sence, he must Enjoy,
Regarding now as nought the Marriage Tie;
Nor her bright Fame, which as a generous Friend,
He had strict Obligation to defend
His Master's Precepts now, were lost and gone,
And his late purchas'd Soldier-like Renown;

For

For first; with Lustful Gazings he pursues
 The Lovely Captive, and Licentious Views;
 Nor stops here with Remorse for such vile wrong,
 But with a hot and brutal Frenzy stung,
 Gave his Lewd Thoughts discovery from his
 (Tongue.)

Telling her in a fierce, though trembling Tone,
 The fatal Slaughter by her Beauty done;
 How much he suffer'd, and how long he strove,
 With cold Respect to quench the Flame of Love,
 Which now he found Impossible to do,
 Since th' more he thought to smother, more it
 That Rest, Fruition only could secure, (grew,
 And hopeless Death, if she deny'd, was sure;
 With numerous Phrases of this Amorous kind,
 When she afresh revolving in her Mind;
 Her strange Mishaps, scarce this with Patience
 (bears,

And first returns no Answer, but with Tears;
 Till more Reflecting on (as more she griev'd,)
 The vile Affront her Vertue had receiv'd,
 Bold in that Cause, she gave her Anger Vent,
 And whilst her Brow shews scorn and Discontent,
 Declar'd, the Tale he now had made her hear,
 Was of all past, most odious to her Ear,
 Then to his Eyes shews breach of honesty:
 Of Honours Laws, and Hospitality:
 Besides the dire reward that did belong
 To him that Acted such unknighly wrong,

Con-

Concluding with a sacred solemn Vow,
 E're she agen Attention would allow
 To such vile Breath, strong Poyson should her
 And Scandal too prevent, and rid the fear (care;
 Of worser Venom entring at her Ear,
 Which vertuous reprehension, soon as heard
 Th' impatient Prince for dire resolves prepar'd,
 Strong Floods o'erflow the Dam, where they're in-
 And Lust oft turns to Cruelty—oppos'd, (clos'd,
 Honour forgetting quite, the Warriours grace,
 And the respect due to her Royal place,
 He seiz'd her snowy Hand, which rudely kiss'd
 Grows red with shame, then presses to her Breast,
 Whilst she at this new outrage on her Fame
 Glows with new Tincture, and half dies with shame.
 One while fierce Anger sparkles through her Eyes;
 Another, mildly, she her Tongue employs;
 Now threatens Vengeance, now with Speeches
 Implores him of her Honour to take care, (fair
 And prove her Guardian, not her Ravisher;
 But no reluctance from his Eyes could find
 Whom strong Desire and Appetite did blind.
 He bids her her own Charms not him reprove;
 Then swears by the All-Conqu'ring pow'r of Love,
 Unless she grant his Suit and pliant move,
 By force, to give himself that happy Hour;
 Nor will he die, for what is in his Power.

Which dreadful sound, when the griev'd Princess
 And saw what danger in his Eyes appear'd, (heard,
 All

Abradatus and Panthea.

All pow'r debarr'd, and all entreaties vain
 Upon his curst resolves to hope to gain,
 To female subtlety, has straight recourse,
Cunning, the Woman's never-failing Forte,
 That on the suddain being straightned, can
 Oppose and over-reach, the wisest Man,

A kinder look she darts now from her Eye,
 A Look that rais'd him to an extasie;
 Hope, in the bright glance seem'd to take his part,
 And the expected blifs new fires his Heart;
 When she, who now, was studdying to beguile,
 Amidst her racking woes, extorts a Smile;
 Instructs her Tongue, that n'er before knew how,
That 'twas a Vertue to dissemble now;
 And lastly tells him, since his Love's distress
 Indanger'd Life, it somewhat chang'd the Case;
 That Wedlock Vows tho' strict, had better have
 A casual Breach, then such a Prince a Grave:
 And therefore that she might indulge th'amour
 And Grace it with her Hearts consenting power,
 She humbly begg'd, the Respite of two days,
 To rid it from the Conjugal Disease.

Oh sacred Vertue! great in abject state,
 And most Illustrious, when least fortunate:
 When was thy dazzling beauty fairer shewn
 Then now, or when more worthy of renown?
 She gains her Point, the Heavenly Hypocrite
 Doubly deludes him with her Face and Wit:

For

For he well knowing that Consent would add
 Much greater Joy to the Agreement made;
 His ready Grant Seals on her Beauteous Hand,
 And tells her, she in all things shall Command,
 Then bowing, leaves her--- Extasied with Joy,
 That the unequal Blessing is so nigh.

But Oh! what Muse can Paint the varied Scene
 When he was gone, in the despairing Queen,
 Who, with this hated Art disguis'd her Grief,
 Only this little space to get Relief;
 Or missing that, to find some way to die,
 Before the Death of her Integrity;
 For Death she was resolv'd on, e'er the least
 Blemish should taint her by an Act Unchaste;
 Death seems a Trifle, but the Pangs she feels,
 To part un-farwell'd to his Gloomy Cells,
 From her Lov'd *Abbadose*--- That, doubly kills.
 For Fame could never yet in Story tell,
 Of any happy Pair that Lov'd so well;
 Mutual Consent did always both Inspire,
 One Will to please, one Liking, one Desire;
 Nor could the length of time put out the Flame,
 But, as the first, so was the last the same.

The thought of this now stabs her o'er and
 This throws the Angelick Charmer on the Floor,
 When strait the rich Embroider'd Robe she wore,

O'er,

Overwhelm'd with Grief, she rends *, then strives
 (to tear
 The Bounteous Treasure of her Lovely Hair,
 Whilst liquid Pearls fall down as thus she Mourn'd,
 More rich by far than those her Robe adorn'd;
 But now the Guardian-Angel that took Care
 (By Heaven appointed) of the Injur'd Fair,
 Commission'd was to keep her from Despair.
 For Awful Providence, tho' slow, is sure
 To Right the Wrongs the Innocent endure,
 And as she was resolving not to live,
 To give her Resolution a Reprieve,
 Inspires a Thought to get the Story Penn'd,
 And her Distress to God-like Cyrus send,
 Whose temperate Vertue far and near was known,
 Which Fame o'er all the Universe had blown.

A Ray of Joy now mounts into her Cheeks,
 And there its wonted Seat of Glory seeks,
 At Thought, that she had now supply'd her need,
 And that beyond all doubt she should succeed.
 Then straight her Slave she calls with swift De-
 (light,
 And bade him quickly fetch her things to Write,
 Which he, who by her Looks could understand
 Her Joy, gets done, e'er scarce she could Command.

* The most extraordinary manner of Expressing Grief amongst
 the Eastern Ladies, was this of tearing their Robes.

And now the Dictates of her working Brain,
 By her fair Hand are given to her Pen;
 She writes to *Cyrus*, a Seraphick Prince,
 And Seraph-like too is her worded Sence;
 So sweet her Stile, so moving is her Case,
 The Wrongs are only fit in her Express
 For Angels, or Men like 'em, to redress.

Finish'd, she folds the Tenour of her Woes,
 Then gives the Slave Advice before he goes;
 Bids him be bold, and let his Licens'd Tongue
 Make the Invective equal to the Wrong;
 And to the King relate th' Inglorious Shame
 She suffer'd, to the Scandal of his Fame:
 Which sharp Commission meaning to obey,
 He to the Camp of *Cyrus* takes his way.

That Glorious Warriour, whom succeeding Days
 Ne'er saw without some Action fit for Praise,
 Was busied on a new Exploit of Fame,
 Then when Divine *Pantheus* Pacquet came;
Crasus, to *Labinetus* near Allie,
 Who knew Great *Abradatus* would comply
 With any Act of brave Hostility,
 That gave him hopes his Lovely Spouse to free,
 Had now prevail'd on him to join his Force,
 Follow'd by some bold Troops of *Susian* Horse;
 The *Egyptians* too, whom *Cyrus* had in View,
 And had Mark'd down the next he would subdue;
 Had

Had gain'd recruits, and drawing out each Band,
Resolv'd his fiercest Battle to withstand.

Yet, neither these, nor any Storms that blow,
Can ruffle *Cyrus*, or can Curl his Brow,
Till he the Royal Captive's Plaint had seen,
But then, that Front that always was Serene,
Which Anger, till that Hour, could ne'er Deface,
At knowledge of her Danger, and Distress,
Snatches a Frown, which presently is gone,
As if a sham'd of such a Weakness done;
But yet resolving upon Justice too,
He th' Eunuch bade tell boldly what he knew,
Who, to his Mistress, and his Promise true,
The black Attempt Paints in its ugliest Shape,
Even to the foul Description of a Rape.

Which Tale the Temperate Blood of *Cyrus*
(warm'd,
Yet thinking Youth by Beauty might be Charm'd
Beyond the Force of Reason to withstand,
He straight grew Cool again. --- yet gave Com-
(mand

To valiant *Artabasus*--- A man try'd
In Honour, Arms, and in Learn'd Gifts beside;
Who, at the Slave's Report was standing by,
To fetch *Araspas* thither Instantly;
But bade him use him with all fair Regard,
And not as if this Transgression he had heard;

But

But as upon some Enterprize of War;
 On which he'd have his Presence to Confer;
 This adding, to the Queen,-- Tell her the Wrong
 Her Sacred Vertue has endur'd so long;
 To recompence, if giving to her Arms
 Her Husband, can atone for her past Harms,
 I will my free and Royal Passport send,
 And to his Prudent Judgment recommend,
 Either to part my Foe, or stay my Friend;
 And for her Ease, if ought she can add more,
 Bid her make use of me, and all my Power.

This said, brave *Artabazus* Posts away,
 To balk *Araspas* of his long'd-for Prey;
 Which, how 'twas done, and how the Love-sick
 Storm'd when he heard his Master knew the
 (Youth
 Truth;
 What Means he us'd, his forfeit Grace to gain,
 The brave Efforts too of his Sword and Brain,
 Amongst the *Persian* Annals you may read,
 Whilst on Ador'd *Panthea* I proceed.

As some Adventurer of Christian Race,
 Whose Hazards on the Sea good Traffick pays;
 By luckless Chance met by an *Algerine*,
 And Slavery knows his Fate if t'other win,
 Bravely resolves not to outlive the Loss,
 Nor to the Pagan Crescent yield the Cross;

When as he thus prepares himself to die,
 Another Vessel luckily does Spy,
 That Notice had of their Extremity;
 Who bearing down, drives the Rough Turk
 (away,

Expells his Fear, gives freedom of the Sea,
 And once more joys his Heart to find he's free;
 So fares it with the late despairing Queen,
 Contentment has no Bound, nor Joy no mean;
 She thinks a Glory Crowns the General's Face,
 That thus relieves her, and to *Cyrus's* Praise,
 Her grateful Thanks Immortal Altars raise,
 And as her Injury's now well redress'd
 By that great Prince, she to her Pen confess'd,
 She now resolves she will that Pen employ,
 To give her Husband knowledge of her Joy;
 The noble Grace to her by *Cyrus* done,
 And what her Debt was to so Brave a Man;
 For, as her Sense of Honour equal was
 With the uncommon Beauties of her Face,
 She thought she could not do enough for him
 That it from vile Pollution did redeem;
 And therefore to her Darling *Abradate*
 Tenderly writes, that since controuling Fate,
 The late *Assyrian* Monarch had dispoil'd
 By Death, of the Bright Palm for which he Toil'd,
 His noble Sword, now free from Friendship's Tie,
 He could not in a better Cause employ
 Than that of *Cyrus*, *Crasus* being prov'd
 A Foe to their Amour when first they Lov'd,

And

And each ensuing Year had chose no Guide,
 But headlong Violence, and boundless Pride;
 Then Pray'd him, if her Interest had Power,
 Or Presence could delight a leisur'd Hour;
 Or if his constant Heart preserv'd Esteem
 Alike for her, as hers had done for him,
 That he'd Consent the Blessing should be prov'd,
 And to her Eyes give him the only Lov'd.

Great was the Warriour's Joy to find his Wife,
 The Treasure, and sole Comfort of his Life,
 So us'd; nor was less Pleas'd when he receiv'd
 The News, how she by *Cyrus* was reliev'd;
 For which, a grateful Sense his Soul Inspir'd
 To do what his *Panthea* had desir'd;
 And since he could not *Labinetus* Aid,
 And no Engagements were to *Crasus* made,
 At least, none such but what he could Evade,
 To *Cyrus* now remaining Service gives,
 Much for his Vertue's Sake, but more for his Wife's.

This when resolv'd, no longer finds delay,
 But e'er next Dawn had usher'd in the Day,
 He takes to *Babylon* his ready way;
 Three Thousand hardy Youths upon him wait,
 Train'd up, and all inur'd to Actions great,
 Who Favourite-life, as a mean Trifle held,
 When Honour's Banner, wav'd within the Field.

Fame too, Fore-runner of News good and bad,
 Had soon to *Cyrus* a Relation made,
 How Royal *Abradatus* was come o'er,
 And to exalt his Gratitude the more,
 Had with him brought best Gleanings of his
 (Power;

Which having heard, the Conquerour in State
 Attended, met him at the Palace Gate;
 Nor on the Instant sparing was to shew
 How well his Heart could prize a Valiant Foe,
 Whom he so oft had seen 'midst Smoak and Flame,
 With Blood and Dust besmear'd, pursuing Fame;
 His Body 'twixt his crickling Arms he held,
 And as before him the brave Heroe kneel'd,
 Raising him up, his Cheek to his he joins,
 And once more round him with Embraces twines;
 Much he admires his Shape *, and Manly Grace,
 His well-knit Sinews, and engaging Face;
 For, as his Arm had oft o'ercome in War,
 As oft he gain'd a Conquest on the Fair;
 And was by all confess'd, who nicest Scann'd,
 The gracefull'st Man in all th' *Affyrian* Land:
 As then this grateful Prince was pouring forth
 A large Applause on t'other's Matchless Worth,
 For th' uncommon Graces lately shewn,
 And Generous Acts to fair *Panthea* done;

* The Description of K. Abradatus,

The Victor cuts him off, and with his Hand
 Lock'd fast in his, tells him, that Debt had end
 In bringing to his Camp so brave a Friend,
 Whom he should Cherish all his future Life,
 But only could reward him with his Wife.

And here, without permitting a Reply,
 Well knowing every Minute stopt the Joy
 That Lovers so long parted, should possess;
 Bade straight a Guard direct him to the Place
 Where his Belov'd *Panthea* musing fate,
 Expecting a Return of what she wrote.

(kind,
 * Oh! ye sweet Charmers of the Fairest)
 From whom bless'd Love extracts his Joys refin'd,
 In right of whom my Muse this Piece design'd,
 Who in *Panthea's* Picture drawn by me,
 Resemblance of your own Perfection see;
 Whilst in Retirement's Shade my Verse you read,
 Reflect on Joys Expressless that proceed;
 When Lovers Conjugal, their Passions Treat,
 And after Sorrow, and long Absence, meet,
 And you th' Angelick Race whose Early Years
 Have yet not ripen'd ye for Love's Affairs;
 Or you, who by vile Force, or Fortune sway'd,
 Are fated to the barren stile of Maid,

* Poeta loquitur.

Think yet, the Bliss this Meeting must procure;
 Think on the panting Hearts, and Pleasures Pure,
 The Day's short Rapture, Night's approaching
 (Heaven,
 The Thousand Thousand Kisses took and given;
 Think on the Husband's haste his Bride to seize,
 And sweet *Panthea's* dutious hopes to please;
 Imagin now they meet, transported each,
 Both blind with Joyful Tears, and void of Speech;
 They Sigh to tell their Chance, *Vesper* comes
 (on,
 The time gives aid: and now the Curtain's drawn,

Oh! grudge'em not in th' Dark a tender Kiss;
 Nor future Honourable Happiness;
 But on the Moment's Joy a Smile bestow,
 Then bid adieu, For all the rest is Woe,

The Second C A N T O.

THe Morning rose, adorn'd with *Titan's* Beams,
Gilding the Hills, and Burnishing the Streams;
When by the Silver Trumpet's shrill Alarms,
The Lovers' wake in one another's Arms.

Sweet was their Morning View, like *Phæbus*, He,
His Blushing Harbinger *Aurora*, She;

When, though each Thought Night too much haste
(had made,

Love's Wages dear are Earn'd, but soon are Paid;

Yet, since those Minutes could no longer stay,

They both prepare for business of the Day.

The Kingly *Abradate*, whose sweet Repose

A fresh enlarg'd the Debt he *Cyrus* owes; (take,

With his fair Spouse harrangues what Course to

To quit him well, and Satisfaction make;

To whom, the best of Wives, who still retain'd,

Thought of the good, she late by *Cyrus* gain'd;

Finding her Lord thus generously inclin'd,

To urge the brave Resolve, thus spoke her Mind.

' My Soul's chief Treasure, my Delight, my

' Or if I yet a kinder Name can call, (All,

' My Husband, by which file Male right is known,

' And all Love's Attributes express'd in one;

' Believe *Panthea*, your kind, Faithful Wife

' Loves her Dear *Abradate* beyond her Life;

Yet

' Yet of his Honour has such nice Regard,
 ' Though Love her Joys has tenderly endear'd,
 ' She must consent, that should be first prefer'd.
 ' I know (she thus pursues) what vast Delight.
 ' Were mine, to have you always in my Sight;
 ' The Love I bear your Person's great, I own,
 ' But does not match my Love of your Renown;
 ' And rather therefore would I see a Grave,
 ' Where both might lie after some Action brave,
 ' Than you from thence, mean and dishonour'd,
 (save.
 ' To Mighty *Cyrus* we are both in Debt,
 ' Whose Glorious Worth again I must repeat;
 ' By Fate enslav'd, he Bondage did remove,
 ' Then freed me from his Fav'rite's Brutal Love;
 ' Deny'd his Eyes what they were fond to see,
 ' And kept me (Oh thou best of Men) for thee;
 ' A generous Sense of which Inflames my Heart,
 ' Nor can my Hero fail to bear his Part;
 ' I know my *Abradate*, by Honour sway'd
 ' Too much, to leave a Debt like this unpay'd;
 ' But quickly will by some great Action shew,
 ' He Valour has to dare, and Power to do;
 ' Which to encourage, I my Claim release,
 ' In Wedlock Joys and respite Happiness;
 ' For though my constant Love deserves Esteem,
 ' And much is due to me, there's more to him,
 ' Who in Distress did my Bless'd Guardian prove,
 ' And saves me now for my dear Husband's Love.
 ' Go, on my Blessing then, and bravely shew
 ' What *Abradate* can for *Panthea* do;

' Let

' Let *Cyrus* see, howe'er so Gallant known,
 ' Valour is not by Fate confin'd to one;
 ' But shall, whene'er it proves the Martial Test,
 ' In *Abradate* be equal to the Best;
 ' Large was his Vertue in regard to mine,
 ' Let then as large a Recompence be thine;
 ' In glorious Battle let thy Worth appear,
 ' Conquering for him, our Obligation clear.
 ' Oh, Guard what in the World I hold most
 (dear,
 ' Immortal *Bell* *, that Hours to come may prove
 ' What's due to matchless Valour, matchless Love.
 Then turn'd to th' *East*, she to the Idol bows,
 And prostrate on the Floor her self she throws;
 Her Husband's Safety was her fervent Prayer,
 So just a Suit, and from a Face so Fair;
 Whate'er could chance, had never been withstood,
 If *Bell* had been a God of Flesh and Blood.

Rap'd in this Fit of Zeal, some time she lay,
 When *Abradate*, who saw her Weep and Pray,
 Raising her up, close to his Bosom held,
 And now the Tears down both their Faces trill'd,
 ' Grant, Oh thou awful Power he cry'd, my Life,
 ' So blest, as may deserve so good a Wife;

* The famous Idol the Assyrians in old time Ador'd, vid. The Prophet Daniel,

And

'And that my Arm, acting what I intend
 'For *Cyrus*, recompence so brave a Friend,
 'My Fame shall then sound loud, my Heart be
 (eas'd,
 'My Bonds be Cancell'd, and *Panthea* pleas'd.
 This said, he grasp'd her nearer to his Breast,
 And her fair Cheek with Loyal Ardour kiss'd;
 Assuring her no Minute should pass by,
 That offer'd happy Opportunity;
 When Glorious Danger should not be pursu'd,
 To quit him of his Debt of Gratitude.

Nor was it long before Occasion came
 For God-like *Cyrus* still in quest of Fame,
 Now hears that *Crasus* with the *Egyptians* join'd,
 To give him Battle suddenly design'd,
 And to the late revolted *Abradatus*,
 Propos'd to shew th' Extream of Pride and Hate;
 Nor was that Prince's Injur'd Breast less fir'd
 With Rage to him, nor less the Fight desir'd;
 Who from *Panthea*, with a tender Look
 Now parting, straight his way to *Cyrus* took,
 And begs, that he of th' Army might Command
 The Vantguard, where the Dreadful Chariots
 (stand.
 Whose sharpen'd Scythes to every Axle nail'd,
 Hew'd Limbs and Bodies through, where they
 (assail'd;
 The dangerous Bravery of which Request,
 Though it sunk deep in the great *Persian's* Breast,
 Who

Who well perceiv'd how that bold Heart de-
 fy'd
 The Power of Death, as one in Arms well try'd,
 With gentle Moderation, thus reply'd;
 That 'mongst the Chiefs whom Fame had thither
 (brought;

He too, must condescend to take his Lot,
 Which, when unwillingly consented to,
 Was put in Fact, and what he wish'd, he Drew.

And now there nought remain'd but to prepare
 Fit Equipage, and to begin the War.
 His Queen*, no sooner heard the time prefix'd,
 When the *Egyptian* Force with *Lydian* mix'd,
 Were to be Charg'd, but for her *Abradate*
 Made haste the Richest Ornaments to get;
 A Guntlet, and a Helmet, all of Gold,
 Artfully Chas'd, and Gorgeous to behold;
 On which, a purple Plume, with careless Grace,
 Wav'd in the Air, and shaded all his Face;
 With these, a Scarlet Mantle, large and long,
 Which backward to his Feet from Shoulders hung
 She gave her Valiant Lord, then put 'em on,
 Who thus Adorn'd, and Eager to be gone,
 Kisses her Beauteous Cheek, now damp with
 (Tears,
 The fatal Product of Ill-boding Fears;

* Qu. Panthea Richly Adorns her Husband.

Then

Then like the Conqu'ring Jove on Phlegra's Plain,
 The Slaught'ring Chariot mounts, to lead his
 (Men;
 Bidding his Slave drive on; yet, e'er he went,
 Hears his Panthea* these Expressions vent.

'Proceed my Glory, but withal, take Care;
 'My Heart, you know, within your Breast you
 bear:
 'My All I trust with you, my dearest Friend;
 'Take heed then to Repay the Sum I Lend;
 'Let Noble Actions your Employment be;
 'But, with your Valour mix some Care of me.

This said, the Chariot hurrying from her View,
 Entranst she fell, nor who reliev'd her, knew;
 When her Attendants near, gave timely Aid,
 And their Lov'd Mistress to her Tent convey'd.

Th' Approach of *Abradate* soon gave the Foe
 Knowledge of what the *Sassans* meant to do;
 Who were no less prepar'd the Charge to make,
 Both equally resolv'd for an Attack;
 The Hour too come*, the Hosts expressing Rage,
 With Martial Heat and Ardour to Engage;

* Her last Words to him. * The Battle 'twixt the Persians
 Lydians, and Egyptians.

The Trumpets Sounding, to the Onset speed,
Both Sides give Death, and Wounds both largely
(bleed;

The Dreadful Clangor Deafens him that hears,
With *Persian* Swords, and keen *Egyptian* Spears;
When Royal *Abradate*, whose heart was fir'd
With brave Resolves, its Partner had Inspir'd,
On to the foremost *Lydian* Troops made Head,
And with his Sword, a Lane to *Cresus* made;
Whom reach'd at last, he with his Chosen Few,
By Manly Force * from his fierce Courser drew;
Thus wak'd him from his long, vain-glorious
(Dream,
Giving him scarce the leisure to Blaspheme.

Inconstant Fortune; who would now be-
(lieve,
Thou could'st thy Royal Votary deceive?
Whose Golden Hopes are fair, her Lord has
(won
The *Lydian* Scepter, half the War is done;
But oh! thy Favours are Deceitful all;
Whence, Hope soon built, as soon is apt to
(fall;
For now our Hero flush'd with his Success,
Will on the Troops of the *Egyptians* press;

* K. *Cresus* taken Prisoner by K. *Abradatus*.

His Killing Chariots 'mongst the frighted Throng,
 Give numerous Deaths where'er they pass a-
 (long;
 Besides the Massacre the Lances made,
 Arrows, and Darts, which vainly they evade,
 With covering Shields, or their strong Coats of
 (Mail,
 The well-drawn Bow is certain to prevail;
 Or from their Sinewy Arms the Flying Steel,
 These, till the fickle Goddess turn'd her Wheel,
 Th' Conquest seem'd to assure, which after
 (chanc'd,
 When she, who saw how Abradate Advanc'd
 Upon the heaps of Slain his Blood-stain'd Carr,
 Whose single Force near finish'd had the War,
 Resolv'd at last to shew her utmost Spight,
 And overturn him from his Glorious Height,
 Which done*, beneath his fatal Chariot's weight,
 Amidst the Murdering Scythes and Spears he fell,
 Mangled and Gor'd by those, himself so late did
 (quell;
 Whilst ruthless Fate seem'd from his Brows to
 (tear
 Through Envy, the bright Wreath he best deserv'd
 (to wear;
 Yet was his Death reveng'd with fiercest haste,
 For Bold *Chrysantas*, who to save him press'd;

* King Abradate cruelly Slain.

With *Persian* Horse dire Execution made,
 Nor left the Foe till they disorder'd fled;
 And by a total Rout resign'd that Wreath,
 Which the brave *Susian* King had lost by Death.

Thus, once more was Triumphant *Cyrus*
 (Crown'd
 With Victory, and his Head with Lawrels bound;
 And Fame through *Eastern* Skies, and Regions vast
 The Tidings loud had sent with powerful Blaft;
 When the great Conqu'ror amidst the Joys
 Of late Success, spread by the common Voice,
 Finds, they're embitter'd by the luckless Fate
 Of his new Allie, valiant *Abradate*;
 Of whom, *Chryfantas* the sad Tale express'd,
 And with due Praise his matchless Valour dress'd;
 Adding besides, That the Fair Queen, whose Woes
 Were past the Power of Speaking to disclose;
 For the lov'd Corps, her own Sedan had sent,
 Which was that Evening brought into her Tent.

All, whom a sense of Honour does possess,
 The sudden Grief Great *Cyrus* felt, may guess,
 Who, tho' a Soldier, thought no Shame to Sigh,
 Whilst drops of Noble Pity fill'd each Eye;
 And in this Plight, his speedy Course he steers,
 Where the Fair Mourner was Dissolv'd in Tears.

Close by the Body, Cold, Disfigur'd, Pale,
 The Royal Widow fate, without her Veil;

D

Fran-

Frantickly buſied on the goary Ground,
 With Ivory Fingers, ſowing up a Wound,
 Which by ſome curſt Egyptian Spear was made,
 And from his Valiant Heart had Life convey'd;
 Nor was that Cauſe alone of fatal Ill,
 Arms, Legs, and mangled Hands had prov'd her
 (Skill;

Which were in order plac'd again by Art,
 As if they ne'er were ſever'd from the Part;
 Which Piteous Object when the King beheld,
 He lowly on the Ground before it kneel'd,
 And liſting up his Eyes, with Drops new fill'd,
 Thus ſpoke his Grief *, 'Thou beſt of Humane
 (kind,

' Whoſe Valiant Body, and whoſe matchleſs Mind
 ' Giv'n for our Blifs a-while, are now reſign'd;
 ' Who from our Radiant God, whoſe now
 (thou art,
 ' Canſt only reap the Fruits of thy Deſert;
 ' Look from thy Shining Throne on us below,
 ' Who with due Reverence, offer thus our Woe;
 ' Inſpire us with thy bleſt Divinity,
 ' Ah! dart a Ray from thy bright Soul to me,
 ' That I may Act in Life, and dying live like thee;
 ' Thy Fame beyond the Date of Time ſhall laſt,
 ' Wonder to come ſhall raiſe, excel all paſt;

* The Speech of Cyrus at Sight of Panthea, Mourning her Dead Husband.

' Nor has the Tyrant Death, whose Murd'rous
 ' Powers
 ' Forc'd thy great Spirit through so many Doors;
 ' (Well-knowing it could never else be done;
 ' Since much too large to be expell'd at one;
 ' Touch'd thy fair Fame, his Cowardly Essay
 ' Only demolishes thy Mortal Clay;
 ' A trifling Tribute all to Nature pay;
 ' Th' Immortal Part, Triumphant sways above,
 ' In Realms of Light, with Phœbus, and with
 ' Jove;
 ' Nor shall thy Valour, in my Cause late shown,
 ' Through vile Neglect, sink to Oblivion,
 ' But be in Smoaking Sacrifice rever'd,
 ' A Splendid Monument be also rear'd,
 ' On which the Sons of Art shall all combine,
 ' Impow'r'd by Wealth, to make the Structure
 ' fine;
 ' And shew the Hero that in Fame succeeds,
 ' The last Reward for Honourable Deeds.
 ' And you, the Beauteous Blessing of his Days,
 ' Whose Beams now Clouded, suffer me to Gaze;
 ' Yet, whose bright Vertues, that Innately Shine,
 ' Dazle admiring Sense with Grace Divine;
 ' Receive this Consolation from your Friend,
 ' Your *Abradate* has made a Glorious End;
 ' Fate has a poor, and worthless Conquest gain'd,
 ' Compar'd with his late Victory obtain'd;

' When both the *Lydian* and *Egyptian* Crowns
 ' To his Superiour, gave their lost Renowns;
 ' Let then his Fame, Oh Royal Fair, supply
 ' The dear lost Offices of Wedlock Joy,
 ' Think 'tis a Soldier's best of Life, to Die;
 ' Who Honour's Law pursues, and following that,
 ' Disdains the Transient Part, that yields to Fate;
 ' Nor let your sorrowing Brain indulge the thought
 ' That, y^e are alone, unfriended, or forgot;
 ' Or that the Bed of Honour, where now lies
 ' The Hero fall'n, a glorious Sacrifice,
 ' Shall be the Tomb of all your future Joys;
 ' No, Lovely Mourner, best of Women, no.
 ' Whilst *Cyrus* lives believe he lives to shew
 ' Ingratitude's a Crime he dares not know;
 ' To pay the Debt I owe this worthy, Slain,
 ' Shall be the chiefest business of my Reign;
 ' And, ho' your constant Heart, I fear, will take
 ' No Partner in, for his unequal'd Sake;
 ' Lost in the fruitless hopes such Bliss to share,
 ' I will be yet your Husband in my Care,
 ' Reign where you please; to any Land retire;
 ' Command my Armies, Beauty can Inspire
 ' All Hearts to Conquer, Take then your De-
 ' (fire.

' The Glorious Deity whom we Adore,
 ' Shall warm no Climate, Influence no Shore
 ' Which Fair *Panthea* shall not call her own;
 ' And on their Vassal Heads Exalt her Throne;

Or

' Or if these happy Regions she will deign
 ' To Bless, and equally with *Cyrus* Reign,
 ' The Princes of proud *Babylon* shall Bow,
 ' And all the *East* her Sovereignty allow;
 ' The Sweets of *Africk*, cultivated Mould
 ' Of *Asia* shall their choicest Stores unfold;
 ' And Rich *Pactolus* yield her Sandy Gold;
 ' Whate'er most rare is thought to Female Sense,
 ' Or worthy such a Loss to Recompence;
 ' From any corner of the Earth shall come,
 ' And from its farthest Bounds be brought her
 (Home:
 ' To thee, Fair Excellence, be still Address'd,
 ' Beauty's Perfection, and of Wives the best;
 ' Sweet Charmer of the World, and more than
 (that,
 ' Blest Widow of Celestial *Abradate*.

And here the Royal Orator, a Pause
 Gave to his Speech, tho' now in Beauty's Cause,
 And Influenc'd by her Charms, his fluent Tongue
 Could have gone on unwearied, twice as long;
 But paus'd, as shock'd by her Soul-piercing
 (Moan,
 And to the Slaughter'd Hero bowing down,
 Snatch'd his dead Hand to Press it in his own;

When, Oh sad! Chance! his Eager Friendship
tore

The Stitches * she had sown but just before;
And brought it off, new sever'd from the Arm,
Which to Panthea's Woes gave fresh Alarm.

The dear-lov'd Part she does from *Cyrus* take,
Eyes stream a-new, but has no Power to speak;
Whilst he Confounded at the Fatal Chance,
Scarce saves himself from falling in a Trance.

Numberless Kisses on the Hand she gives,
And though her Heart was broke, her Skill sur-
(vives;
To set it on a-new, which having done,
And finding yet no means to be alone,
She, in return of Royal Courtesie,
Retrieving words at last, Thus made Reply.

* In vain you think, Oh *Cyrus*, to Possess
' My Heart, with Thought of Worldly Hap-
(piness,
' Who am my self, sole cause of my Distress;
' Returns of Gratitude are now so great,
' And Restitution so o'er-does the Debt;

* *Cyrus* by an Accident pulls off the dead Hand of *Abradatus*.
* Panthea's last Speech to *Cyrus*.

'I have my self so Miserable made;
 'I'm forc'd to wish it never had been paid;
 'Yet you I blame not for this present Woe,
 "'Twas I caus'd *Abradate* t' Attack the Foe,
 'And to requite you, urg'd him on to go.
 'Fool that I was, without considering well
 'How far his Courage others did Excel;
 'Or that himself he never back would bring,
 'Without Performing some transcendent thing;
 'Which, whether has attempted been, or no,
 'Oh let those Crimson Wounds new-open'd, shew,
 'That like so many Mouths, revile me now;
 'And seem to cry aloud, Oh Cruel Wife!
 'Whose Folly Robb'd her Husband of his Life;
 'Oh Heavens! VVhat can I think of Honour
 (now;
 'That Idol, to whose Altar we all bow;
 'To serve which Phantasm when I him resign'd,
 'Made me most wretched of all Woman-kind;
 'For, well I know, this for my sake was done,
 'My words the Trumpets were that mov'd him
 (on;
 'So much this Honour, too, too, highly priz'd,
 'Eclips'd the Reason that should have Ad-
 (vis'd.

'Tis said indeed, That beyond Life 'tis dear,
 'And still its Comfort in it self does bear,
 'Oh tell me Sages, How does this appear!

' Since I that still preserv'd it bright and fair,
 ' Am by it fall'n to merciless Despair;
 And here drying her Tears that trickled down,
 After some smother'd Sighs, she thus went on.

' Besides, if Honour be presum'd Loves Friend,
 ' Against what Foe shall I my self defend?
 ' Since me it barbarously has depriv'd
 ' Of the most Faithful Lover ever liv'd;
 ' Day following Day, affection did renew,
 ' Passion in him so generous was and true,
 ' The very Frailty Perfection grew;
 ' Nor was I less contented, being at Ease,
 ' But still, with Wife-like Duty strove to please;
 ' My Days were pleasant, and my Nights were }
 (Blest, }
 ' No Jealousie, nor Jars vex'd either Breast,
 ' We gave, like Turtles, one another Rest;
 ' Which, shar'd with him, true Paradise did shew,
 ' And wanting that, there nought remains below }
 ' But Racking Pains, and Heart-tormenting }
 Woe. }

' In vain th' *Assyrian* Garden Sweets bestow, }
 ' Or *Asia*, where Luxuriant Blessings grow, }
 ' Or bright *Pactolus*, tho' it richly flow; }
 ' His Breath excell'd all Sweets, in my Esteem,
 ' And each kind look the fairest *Eastern* Gem;
 ' But, Oh he's Dead! And like his faded Eyes,
 ' The sparklingst Diamond Pale and Cloudy lies;

' All th' Mine-bred Treasures of your God, the
 (Sun,
 ' Are Dross to me now *Abradate* is gone,
 ' He's gone that dol'd warm Life through every
 (Vein,
 ' That Joy'd my Heart, and Influenc'd my Brain;
 ' At my Excitement gone, ne'er to return,
 ' Whilst I, Ingrate, stay here and vainly Mourn;
 ' To some few Tears (for him) give Liberty,
 ' Who through these Wounds wept his Heart's-
 (Blood for me;
 ' Oh Dreadful Truth! Oh Judge ye Matrons all
 ' That hear the Tale of his distressful Fall;
 ' Amongst the Race of Wives, if any were,
 ' For Honour's sake that ever paid so dear;
 ' Oh no, the Rack does above Sufferance Strain,
 ' The Weight's too great for Nature to sustain;
 ' Haste then *Panthea* to that blest Abode
 ' Where his bright Soul sits Honour'd like a God;
 ' A Pardon there Implore for the rash Fault
 ' Of Honour at so dear a Purchase bought.

' And now, Great Emperor to thee I speak,
 ' Whom, that I might some fair requital make
 ' For Goodness shewn, I did all Good forsake;
 ' Who now with generous Breath, and Brow
 (Serene,
 ' Bid'st me live happy still, and be a Queen;
 ' Desir'st to know where lies the happy Land,
 ' Where I will choose the Natives to Command;
 ' And

' And King-like offer'st me thy Army's Aid,
 ' To fix where I were sure to be obey'd:
 ' In answer to which Grace, I thus reply,
 ' Yonder the Region Flourishes on high,
 ' Beyond that lofty Cloud, and Azure Sky:
 ' There with new Joy I will new Empire gain,
 ' And with my *Abradate* for ever Reign.

This said, her Languid Eyes to Heaven she

(cast,

Then with a fatal, and too sudden haste
 Plunges a * Dagger Deep into her Breast;
 And prostrate on her Husband's Body fell,
 Which when the waiting Eunuchs beheld,
 Each with his Poniard gave the Queen, by Death
 A dreadful Demonstration of his Faith.

In vain does *Cyrus* seek for Artful Aid,
 Her mounting Soul was through the Passage

(fled,

And to the Heavens had its new Progress made;
 Leaving the frighted Lookers on to Grieve
 The loss of two such Lives, but not retrieve.

But *Cyrus*, who such Vertues rarely found,
 Like one whose generous Nature had no Bound,
 Resolv'd, tho' dead, to raise their Honour'd Names,
 And to Eternity, Renown their Fames.

* Panthea stabs her self upon her Dead Husband,

A costly Monument he therefore Built,
With gorgeous Gems adorn'd, and Richly Gilt;
And to *Panthea* and her *Abradate*;
Who there Embracing lay, did Consecrate,
The Story's Abstract by a Prophet Sung,
In Golden Letters of th' *Assyrian* Tongue
Shone in the Front, where every one might Read
The Cause that made this wondrous Couple Bleed,
Who from their first, to the last hour did prove
They perfect were in Honour and in Love.

HELL

A copy of the original manuscript
with notes and corrections
And to the printer
Who has printed it
The Secretary of the
in Golden Lane
Shew in the
The Canons of the
Who now live in
The church of St. Dunstons

HELL beyond HELL;

OR THE

DEVIL

AND

MADEMOISELLE.

The First Comick Tale.

Translated from the *Italian* Prose of
Seigneur Jean Francois Straparole, into *French*,
by *Monsieur Louveau*, and from thence done
into *English* Verse, with large Additions and
Embelishments, by the Author.

H E L L beyond H E L L

O R T H E

D E V I L

A N D

M A D E M O I S E L L E

The First Complete Tale

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HELL beyond HELL;

OR THE

DEVIL

AND

MADemoiselle

OLD Crones report there once befel
A certain Holiday in Hell;
When *Belzebub*, and all his Crew,
Were Topping till the Ground look'd blue,
A Brimstone Bev'rage that was made
By the chief Vintner that they had;
The Bowles went round and lusty Cheer,
As good as could be Cater'd there;

The

The Tables fill'd, at which there sat
 The Grandees of the Realm, in State;
 Prince *Molock*, and Peer *Asmodus*,
 Count *Belial* too of *Erebus*;
 With several *Avernian* Lords,
 Of great Repute in Fame's Records.

But young Sir *Devilling* wanting was,
 And did not fill th'expected Place;
 Which made old *Pluto* Chafe, and Fret,
 Missing his darling Favourite;
 For he had Sodomy admir'd
 E'er since the Town of old was fir'd;
 And slighted common Female Trash
 For the fresh Game of a Bardash;
 Therefore this Youngster had endear'd,
 And more than all the rest Preferr'd,
 Chief Master of the Wardrobe made,
 And that good Pension might be Pay'd,
 In Hell's great Court of Records, nam'd,
 Prime Register of all the Damn'd.

He now had hearing Causes been,
 And at that Moment entring in,

This

His grizly Patron, with a Roar,
 Hoarser than he had us'd before,
 Ask'd him what caus'd this long Delay,
 And what the Devil made him stay;
 To whom, Sir *Devilling*, with a Bow
 That did his Courtly Breeding shew,
 Answer'd, Great Sir, of all the Pain
 I've taken in your Royal Reign,
 The Registring the Cuckolds Names
 Sent daily hither by Lewd Dames,
 Fatigues me most, and is so great,
 I scarcely can get time to Eat;
 And now is the true Reason why
 I've fail'd t' attend your Majesty;
 Besides some Thoughts which Hourly vex
 How of that luscious, tempting Sex
 Such frequent Dire Complaints can be,
 And for what Cause, have bred in me
 Such Devilish Curiosity,
 That I have a Month's Mind to go
 A Month into the World to know
 Whether their Plague be truly so;
 Or, if the Rogues, rank Crimes to atone,
 Have laid upon their Wives, their own,

HELL beyond HELL

Of which, the certain Truth I'd have,
If I might gain your Gracious Leave:
For, if I thought these Rascals crying,
On them had us'd my Art of Lying,
Or did by Joint-consent agree
To ease themselves by Bart'ring me,
And on poor Wives have laid the wrong,
That does to their own Sins belong;
For Roasting I would make 'em Pay
Five Sacks of Charcoal more a Day;
Or bart'ring Frost with one that Fries,
Another hundred Load of Ice,
Which would to your Revenue clear,
Above Ten Thousand by the Year,
And be a better Tax, well Pay'd
Than your Excise, or Royal-Aid,
Considering in what Shoals they come,
And daily here attend their Doom;
And therefore, Sir, if you think fit
Another Register to get,
Till I have manag'd this Affair,
And given Proof of Loyal Care:
I'll turn my self straight to a Beau,
And to the World a Journey go;

There

The first Comick Tale.

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There wed a Wife, and venture all
The Inconvenience may befall;
Which when perform'd, I do not doubt,
Within one Year, to make it out
These are, with whom all Hell now Roars,
A Pack of Lying Sons of VVhores.

Thus long had *Lucifer* sat mute,
But when he heard his Fav'rite's Suit,
As one who knew his rambling Vein,
And that the Maggots in the Brain
VVith Novelty possess'd his Pate,
More than to Benefit the State;
As one too that some Inkling had
Of Plagues attend the Marriage-Bed;
(For, Hell can only by surmise,
It seems, Judge VVorldly Miseries,
Confin'd Temptations there to spread,
But not to know th' Effects they made.)
He first with Gloomy Anger shone,
But swore at last it should be done;
That when the Yonker Proof had made
Of all the Troubles VVomen bred,
He might return to Hell more stay'd;

HELL beyond HELL

And therefore told him, he should go,
But that he should be subject to
All Ills, without Hell's Aid to Cure,
Which Mortal Married Men endure,
And be confin'd to stay a Year,
Whatever VVoes he chanc'd to bear;
Or else returning, to be Chain'd,
His Slave till Twenty had an End;
And this to be in Parchment wrote,
For him his Hand and Seal to put;
In lieu of which, he should receive
Gold, Jewels, and Apparel brave,
The Eyes of Females to engage
VVith Shew and gawdy Equipage,
VVhich oft, from Hell more aptly wooes
Than all the Merit Heaven bestows.

To this, Sir *Devilling* gives Consent,
Longing for Proof of the Event,
And now the Contract being Drawn,
(Before the Company was gone,)
VVas by the bold Advent'rer Sign'd,
Gems promis'd too, and Treasure Coin'd;

On

The first Comick Tale.

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On t'other part was put in Fact,
Which, like a Legislative Act,
Old *Plato* holding th' Scepter to't,
Confirm'd, with Princely; *Roy le vent.*

A Whirlwind next he does prepare,
Which from his Cells, as Prince o'th' Air,
His horrid Mandate straight obey'd,
And to the World the Imp convey'd,
Ascending through th' Abyss of Night
To the fair Regions of the Light;
Where brought, and looking all around,
Soon as he felt Substantial Ground
A Cloud of Cares his Brain perplex,
With studying in what Place to fix,
Most proper to avoid the Strife
Might chance by taking an ill Wife;
He try'd his utmost Art to find
How all the Females were Inclind,
'Mongst all the Nations, that his Care
Might choose the Kind as well as Fair;
An *Africk* Spouse it ne'er could be;
Most of 'em were as Black as he,
As hot, 'bate one Degree;

HELL beyond HELL.

All Brutes too in *America*;
 But in some Part of *Europe* saw
 A Race, which for Shape, Face, and Air,
 Defy'd the others to compare;
England Rare Beauties he allow'd,
 But often False, and always Proud;
Holland, up to the Ankles Fine,
 But Hopper'd still about the *Chine*,
 For Shape, a Hole below Divine;
 By using Stoves, whose warmth does please,
 Like Mackrel Chequer'd from the Knees;
 But for all Wooers who love Fish,
 A fav'ry Stanch, and wholesome Dish.

The *German* Dames he found were made,
 As if train'd to the Warriour's Trade;
 Strong, Fierce, and Active, parcel fair,
 But though wide Mouths, are Features rare;
 Amongst the *African* Family,
 It rather seem'd to him to be
 A Sign that did the Dame unfold,
 Not half so prone to Please, as Scold.

The Spaniard, though fair-Ey'd, and Neat,
 With Laziness, and want of Wit
 Appear'd so Dull, she'd sleep at Meat,
 And with her Confessor do more
 In th' Closet one bigotted Hour
 Than with her Husband, to endear
 His best Affections, --- in a Year,
 Besides he thought, to settle there
 Would be in vain, as things are now,
 Their Upstart-King being like to go
 Back to his Dukedome of Anjou.

The graceful Shape, and Irish size
 He likes, but finds their Smell annoys,
 But the Scotch Lilt, and Dundee Voice;
 Tho' they their ancient Lineage mark
 From Noah in his Naval Ark,
 He could endure to hear no more
 Than Sailors in a Storm, that roar;
 Or Fish-wives, whom Rage does enflame
 To snick-or-nee at Rotterdam.

At last he gave an Amorous Glance,
 By Fate directed towards France;

Nor could resist the Beauties there,
 Who pleas'd his Humour to a bait;
 Fantastical, ungainly, Gay,
 Singing and Dancing all the Day;
 As freakish as young Kitten'd Puss,
 Still chatt'ring loud and scurrilous
 Of their best Friends, all sorts of Ill,
 Their Clappers never lying still;
 And though made Comely by Creation,
 Such Monsters grew by Affection,
 As if those Charms that should delight,
 Had been bestow'd, Mankind to fright;
 Yet, whatsoe'r their Temper was,
 Considering Sir Devilling's Case,
 Who all his Life-time was employ'd
 'Mongst Groans and Cries, that Ears annoy'd,
 And not one Moment's Mirth enjoy'd:
 A Spouse of this pert, cackling sort
 Was th' fittest Person he could Court.

To *Frunce* then, without more Delays
 The Amorous Fiend himself conveys;
 And at St. Clou makes his first stage.
 With a most splendid Equipage;

The first Comick Tale.

Gilt Coach and Six all Eyes did blind,
And four tall Lacqueys clung behind,
Like Summer Caterpillars dress'd,
All o'er so Furbelo'd and Lac'd,
No flutt'ring Tribe out-do 'em cou'd,
'Mongst all the Princes of the Blood.

Soon too began to spread his Fame,
Sir *Devilling Ranter* was his Name;
Suppos'd from th' *English* to proceed,
And Beaus of *Covent-Garden* Breed;
A Break-of-Day Licentious Train,
Just suiting with his Rakish Vein;
A fair large House he took straightway,
Not bogling any Rent to Pay,
As one who had no cause to doubt
The Hellish Cash would well hold out;
And therefore now himself gives o'er
To Eat and Drink, and Sing, and Roar.

It chanc'd, that near this Mansion-Seat,
Where now our *Goblin* liv'd so great,
A certain cunning Sharper dwelt,
Who of poor Clowns the Pulses felt,

And

HELL beyond HELL.

And *Guaiacan*, or *Sarsparill*--
Could just compound to make a Pill;
But yet by them thought Skill'd to be
In Physick and Astrology;
Nor did this Fortunate Report
End only there, but even at Court,
Amongst the Jovial Cavalcades
Of Gaming Dames, and Dancing Maids;
Some Nymphs, more Curious than Wife,
Sent for the Doctor to advise.

Amongst the noted Tribe of which,
Fantossa had the greatest Itch;
The Whimfies that adorn'd the Dame,
Conforting aptly with her Name,
A strain of Gentry though she had,
It did not cure her being Mad,
No more than skill to Sing and Dance
Her well-meant Breeding did advance;
For those are gifts that Poyson some,
Tho' other Tempers will become.

A Longing All infects her Head,
To know how well she should be sped;
And

And oft on that does th' Conjuror Pump,
 Whose Answers with her Wishea Jump;
 Who, hints that there would soon befall on
 A Husband for her large and tall,
 That had of Wealth the Devil and all;
 Which not long after rightly fell,
 Tho' then he nothing on't could tell;
 For, now the Fama Sir Devill's Oger,
 Was spread about the Town so hot,
 That 'mongst the Entertainments there,
 The Doctor would not want his share,
 Who now had drawn the Knot so near:
 He dares familiarly pretend
 To be the Devil's dearest Friend,
 And the best Proof, he thinks, to use,
 Was to propose to him a Spouse,
 Knowing his Comrades hot Desire,
 Tho' not how us'd he was to Fire.

The first Effort then, was to tell
 His Friend, the Charms of *Mademoiselle*;
 Sounding her Praises to the Skies,
 How Beautiful, *adroit*, and Wise,

Extracted too from Race Divine,
 Of the Illustrious *Barbon* Line;
 Her noble Father, known to be
 One of the *Condy's* Family,
 Who her begot,— but on a Whore,
 So that she came, with several more,
 In at Nobility's Back-door;
 But this the Doctor wisely hid,
 It being no part of his Creed,
 His business was, to make appear
 Her Fame was sounded far and near,
 Which made the Fiend so long to see her;
 He scarce the Patience had to stay
 Till t'other had prepar'd the way,
 Which yet he had contriv'd next Day;
 The Place set, and Appointment made,
 Where the first Visit must be Pay'd.

'Twas in a *Jessamine Alcove*,
 Close, Fragrant, and adapt for Love;
 Where *Cupid* Reign'd in Painted State,
 The Devil and *Fantassa* met;
 He with three Bows accosting her
 Just like a Foreign Minister,
 Who

Who does his Master's Message bring,
To over-reach his Brother-King;
When at first sight familiar grown,
As one had long French Method known,
She cries, Sir Devilling, pray sit down;
Then straight the Snuff-Box crams her Nose,
Smutting her Face up to her Brows;
Bearding her Mouth to mimick Men,
When having Scaramouch'd her Chin,
Her Tongue does thus in *Alt* begin.

*Monsieur dit elle Pay ce soir
Un fort grand plaisir de vous voir;
What News Abroad? Vendosme, I hear
Has new Designs with Duke Bavare;
How long is't since the Camps you saw?
You've heard our Conquest at Landau;
If I had been with Burgundy,
'T had gone before, en verité;
My Sister Soissons and ma chere
Tres noble Aunt de Montpensier;
Mombazon, and my Neice Charlotte
Were all resolv'd to mend his Plot;*

Chevrilise

Chevreuse, my Godmother *Elbuz*,
Albret and I had been enough;
 Poor *Burgandy* was ne'r design'd
 For Action of that Gallant kind;
 An Ignorant, unlucky Ape,
 Deform'd in Judgment as in Shape;
 My Cousin Marchioness of *Brise*,
Anguien, and her Sister *Guise*,
 With *Montmarancy* and *Brasac*,
Nemours, *Aumale*, and *Marillac*;
Longuville, *Lorrain*, and *Beauvais*,
 Were of Opinion every Day
 They might as well have sent a Flea;
 Which made the King, on our account
 Employ *Tallard*, who now has don't;
 But you're a Protestant, it seems,
 I hope though, Sir, you're for King *James*;
 You know his Right, and cannot Err,
 With them to set up *Han*—
 When Justice makes his Claim so clear;
 Our Monarch, and the Kingly Don
 You know, the *Dauphin's* second Son,
 Once thought to help him to his Crown;
 But now your strange Successful Queen
 Has puzzled so the Cause again,

We're

The first Comick Tale

We're fain to let the Title drop,
For his Queen Mother to take up;
But yet the Forces that will join
With us on t'other side the *Rhine*,
Of *Villars*, and *Bavaria's* Duke,
Must give the Emp'or such Rebuke;
That when by Natives, who Rebel,
And *Baden's* slow, unactive Skill;
His harrafs'd Country's wretched made,
And under Contribution laid;
The rest they'll overcome with Ease,
And take *Vienna* when they please.

Thus did her Tongue run on in Chatt,
Of State-Affairs, and Heaven knows what,
Till something in her Throat had got,
Which made her stop a while to Cough.
When *Devilling*, who had well enough
Lik'd her chit chat, and flippant way,
Thought something of his Love to say
Now proper was, which might declare,
Whilst she was stuff'd with her Cattarh,
Th' occasion of his coming there;

He

HELL beyond HELL.

He therefore turning the Discourse,
Harangues her with his Passion's Force,
How much her Beauty Charm'd his Heart,
How much her Intellects desert;
At last concludes with Speeches fine,
That Marriage was his grave Design;
And begg'd, he might resign that Hour
His Purse and Person to her Power;
When she, though Joy half stop'd her Breath,
Pleas'd as young Heir at's Father's Death,
Yet must her Female Tricks put on,
And spreading o'er her Face, her Fan,
Pretends a Blush, tho' there was none;
And with an Air so plaguy Coy,
As if she meant to blast his Joy;
Brideling her Chin up to her Breast,
Tells him, such things as these address'd,
Were never to be done in haste;
And as with Jilts 'tis still the Fashion,
Desires some Days Consideration.

The Devil, who, as you heard before
Was now of Sence to have no more

Than

Than in dull Mortals us'd to be,
Thinks this th' Effect of Modesty;
And therefore humbly to her Choice
Refers the Day to Crown his Joys,
But in the mean time thought it fit,
As she had exercis'd her Wit,
In Blazoning her Family,
T'invent one for himself, should be
Equal with hers in each Degree.

He tells her therefore, looking great,
His Father was a *Belgian* State,
And Pensionary too of late,
Who Wealthy grew by just degrees;
With selling Candles, Turf, and Cheese,
And Corresponding in Affairs
With one of L——'s wisest M——s;
A Magistrate, whose Fame will be
Most noted to Posterity;
Who lately gave the fatal Knocks
To the Opinion Orthodox;
Trump'd up again the Good Old Cause,
And was so stanch for Hums and Ha's;

He would have turn'd the City-Sword
 T'have grac'd his People of the Lord,
 Had not the Reverend, tho' the Gout
 Cramp'd him, resolv'd to Face about;
 Myh heer *Van Buffle* too, whose Face
 Decypher'd the dull Babe of Grace,
 And grave *Van Owl*, whose Niggard Feasts
 Sent hungry Home invited Guests,
 Spight, of gilt Spoons his Uncles were,
 And gracefully Adorn'd the Chair.

Then adds, That he to *England* Young
 Was sent, and there had Friends so strong,
 The Tory Party to advance,
 His State, made him a Spy for *France*,
 And raising Merit to a height,
 Soon got him to be Dubb'd a Knight;
 And that he now was Landed here
Lewis to serve, and Marry her.

A Number more who bore his Name,
 And Burghers were of *Amsterdam*;
 He nam'd as Patrons of the State,
 And at Stock-jobbing so adroit,

That

That in the Coining of a Thought,
They'd oft sell Goods they never bought;
And them to such Advantage vent,
They'd Gain at least Threescore per Cent.;
These by his Father, Kindred were,
His Mother's nobler heed infer;
Dukes, Lords, and Knights, a gallant Crew,
Some for the High-Church, some the Low;
And some that were for none at all
Prov'd Controverting Power not small.

In *Italy's* Delightful Plain,
Where many Sovereign Princes Reign;
Where Palaces Exalted stand,
And Proudly overlook the Land;
Yet, were six Pidgeons, nicely rook,
And stuff'd with Parsley by the Cook,
Can make a Feast for a great Duke;
From out th' Illustrious House of *Est*,
VWho Fertil *Modena* possess'd;
A Peer, who in his Coronet bore
A Trefoyld, Strawberry Leaf *d'or*;

Who, when his noble Spouse's Cause
 Was Judg'd to prove Connubial Flaws,
 Had six and Eight-pence from the Laws,
 VVho, his whole Life, of Thought was void,
 And in Lethargick Dozing Dy'd;
 To make her value more his Race,
 He bragg'd his Cousin-German was
 A *Millan* Chief, of blameful Life,
 For Broaching Jars, and Faction's strife,
 Who trusted with the publick Store,
 Was Damn'd for Cheating of the Poor;
 VVhom long he o'r a Grid-Iron Paid,
 And what fell through t' himself convey'd,
 To him a near Relation had.

A Politician must appear
 In th' next place too, Related near,
 VVho wears Duck-Eggs, the Herald gives,
 Yet owes for those by which he lives;
 Nor Pays for Bread his People Eat,
 And yet is Honour'd, Rich, and Great,
 And a Prime Stickler in the State:
 With these a Tribe of Knights and Squires,
 Some Sellers of good Land, some Buyers;

Some

Some Scatter-goods, some Mony-Rakers, and
Some Cuckolds, and some Cuckold-makers of
He names, and all avows to be
Branches of his great Family;
VWhich done, the Lye too taking Place,
He thinks with her he Equal was,
And now 'twas proper to withdraw,
To leave her on the Cud to Chaw;
But humbly begs e'er he retires,
Resolves as quick as his Desires.

Thus is the Farce for this time done;
The Lovers parted too, and gone;
The Devil to his Doctor hies,
The Coquet to her Mother flies,
To join their Heads, and Means to use
To get this Coxcomb in the Noose;
Which as the present Case now was,
They found not hard to bring to pass;
For he stood not on Settlement,
Which oft balks Conjugal-Intent,
And she was easie to be brought
Jointure to take, that cost her nought:

But what so willingly she'd spare,
 To get well rid on't was her Care;
 Besides the busie Doctor now
 Puts both his Shoulders to the Plow;
 Who being Brib'd by th' Lavish Imp,
 So well plays Matchmaker, and Pump,
 That e'er three Days about were come,
 The Ring was put upon the Thumb;
 The Hand was given, the Bride-Bed made,
 The Feast came in, the Fiddlers Play'd;
 And round about the Country wide
 The Guests appear, all over-joy'd
 To grace Sir Devilling and his Bride.

So pleas'd was now the Fiend, that he
 Once more believes 'twas Falacy;
 The Cuckolds us'd t' excuse Ill Lives
 When they complain'd so of their Wives;
 Since he had found such Heaven in one,
 He could not think a greater known;
 And to reward the Doctor's Pains
 Resolves with more than common Gains,

Who

Who more than common Joy had brought
 A Leisure Hour, he therefore sought;
 Then told him, that to gratifie
 His late prov'd Love and Amity,
 He'd teach him something to Prefer
 His Title of Astrologer;
 Gossip, says he, I'd have you know
 I'm Intimate with those Below;
 And tho' you see't not in my Face,
 The greatest Conjuror ever I was;
 Old Trismigist *, whom th' Learned see
 So Fam'd, was but an Ass to me,
 Agrippa * too, as Dull as he;
 Since I to rule the Sprights pretend,
 And make 'em, when I please, A friend;
 Nay, sometimes too, Familiars lend
 To pleasure some lov'd Knave or Fop,
 Whom in the World I would set up:

* Hermes Trismegistus, a great Philosopher and Astrologer.
 * Henry Cornelius Agrippa, Commonly call'd the Sorcerer, was
 to the Emperor Ch. the Fifth, and by some accounted a great
 Magician.

HELL beyond HELL.

I lend 'em oft to Men of Law,
Who, when a Title has a Flaw,
Can by the Influence of my Spright,
Bawling with Stentrophonick Might,
Make an Egregious Wrong seem right.
To Statesmen too I've sometimes sent
Such Aids to cheat a Government,
Who, tho' they Candour seem to shew,
Yet Wealthy all resolve to grow,
And won't refuse a Devil's Aid,
So Friendly, and unseen convey'd.
Penmen likewise of mystrick Sence
I lend my Pug oft Influence;
Make 'em in one Reign scribble down
The Privileges of the Crown;
Rake musty Records up, to find
Worm-eaten Tracts time out of Mind;
And broach Assumptions,— not for Fame,
Or the procuring a good Name,
But Spite, they having mis'd their Aim;
Some Suit perhaps being deny'd,
And self-known Worth not dignify'd,

But

But in the next, when favour'd, Swim
 So light and strongly with the Stream,
 Or in bold Print so shrewdly Trim;
 Both sides at last their Cause disown,
 Their Scrowls are burnt, and they undone.

These, my Familiar often Bribe,
 Then there's another Hair-brain'd Tribe,
 So mad to have him whet their Wit,
 They think that Title ne'er can fit,
 Till they upon the Pill'ry get,
 And as the Ancients got Renown,
 By th' Civick, and the Marsl Crown,
 For Famous Exercises done,
 Some Battle, or some City won,
 So Fame to raise, these Bards appear
 Renown'd by Exaltation there,
 And pelted with Polluting Stains,
 To prove their wondrous stock of Brains,
 Expose that Skull to all Men's Sight
 That rais'd 'em to that noted height.

Next

HELL beyond HELL.

Next on the Bourse, where Merchants meet,
And to drive Bargains, many a Citty,
Who daily one another cheat.
Amongst the Bustling Crowd that flock
To th' buying or the Selling Stock;
That shrug and prate, and scrub, and itch
Each others Brain to over-reach;
Whoe'er the Question nicest puts,
Has my Familiar in his Guts;
Whose Horns, if you observe him close,
You may see budding on his Brows;
Unless his Wife has plac'd 'em there
Before, as often does appear;
Thus do I frequently give Aid
To the chief Managers of Trade;
But those that most my help Implore,
Are th' Quaking Set, that Bow and Roar,
Who from the Spirit Inward Pray,
And Lye like Devils with Yea and Nay;
If then you see a Female Saint
Exalt upon a Tub to Cant;
With Nostrils wide, and gogling Eyes,
Venting her throng'd Tautologies;

You

You may depend, some Imp of mine never
Is Author of that Stuff Divine;
And now as these my Favour shall
To thee I'll gratefully be kind;
And for thy Care and Pains for me
Will help thy weak Astrology;
Take then from me this Parchment Slip
Which, like thy Eyes, in safety keep;
Myſterious Words within are writ,
Invented by Infernal Wit,
Which being Read, will ſtraight command
Any Familiar to attend,
And to thy Will his Service ſuit,
And niceſt Orders Execute;
And that thou may'ſt not doubt my Skill
And ſtanch Authority in Hell,
One that now waits, ſhall hither come,
And through this Roof convey thee Home.

This ſaid, he gave the Magick Scrawl,
Then for his Footman Dick's call;
The Pug appear'd, tall, ſprunly, drefsd
Powder'd all o'er, Head, Back, and Breſt;

HELL beyond HELL.

As clever a Foot-pad as e'er
 Ran by my Lady ——— Chair;
 Who, by his Master's Nod, soon knew
 The Service that he was to do;
 And Shoulders for the Load employs;
 The Roof divides, the Doctor flies,
 And through the Airy Vast does soar,
 Till brought to his own Laboratory;
 Where now we leave him, must, his Fate
 Full of the Wonders chance'd to late,
 To tell the future grand Affair
 Between the happy Married Pair.

The Bridegroom, who had hitherto
 Nothing but pleasing Joys in view,
 Resolv'd to settle his Content
 Beyond the Power of ill Event;
 And more his Spouse's Love to inspire,
 To give her all her Heart's Desire;
 Calling her therefore out to walk,
 Amongst the rest of Am'rous talk,
 His kind Design does thus express,
 To fix his future Happiness,

Joy

Joy of my Life, in whose sweet Sight
I have Establish'd my Delight;
Whose Charming Features Feast my Eyes,
And love Transports with Extasies;
That I may tenderly repay
Thy Merit the most grateful way;
I have a Rule contriv'd, to please
Both Hearts, and to confirm our Ease;
If then a Woman's greatest Bliss
Is what she likes most to possess,
It shall be prov'd sweet Love by thee
In every *Punctum*, and Degree;
Employ some Hours then to enquire
What nicest Fancy can desire,
Which for one Year thou think'st most good,
And that Year done, to be renew'd;
Study what Modish Dress is worn,
What Jewels fittest to adorn;
What Silks in Estimation rise,
And though a Province be the Price,
So thy Content secure be made,
I give my hand it shall be Pay'd,
And the next Year another Sum,
As time revolvingly shall come;

Think

Think wisely then thy self to please,
 And now Occasion's Forelock seize;
 For thus as thee, my self I'll ease,
 Lest Strifes be rais'd, and Contests made,
 For things hereafter to be had,
 Know therefore, I'll be ask'd no more,
 Till the Twelve Months are quite run o'er;
 For if I am, I'll be so plain,
 My Dear, to speak it once again,
 I will be-punctual to my Vow,
 And not one Farthing more allow;
 Provide then for the coming Year,
 What Gems to Deck, what Cloaths to wear,
 What Trinkets to divert the Eye,
 Do thou but choole, and I will buy,
 Tho' to Extravagance it soar,
 Then, till the Year be done, no more.

Fantossa, tho' this Whimsie shew'd
 A little from the common Road,
 Yet, in the main, considering on't,
 She thought it might turn to account;
 Since in no Point she flinted was
 In Pleasure, or in flaunting Dress;

There

The first Comick Tale.

79

Therefore desires her Mother may
Consult with her about the way,
How she his Will might satisfie,
Her self too, and her House supply;
To this he readily consents,
They quickly meet, th' old Dame invents,
As one most Skillful in the Lote
Of Lavishing a Husband's Store,
And had undone her own before;
Embroider'd Beds, and Cushions rare,
Tall Pyramids of China Ware,
Cupboards of Gold, and silver Plate,
She even with study craz'd her Pate
For things extravagantly great;
Till wearied with Excess, at last
She tells her Daughter she must rest,
Do what her Spouse too did require,
Since there was nought more to desire.

The gross of this then having Penn'd,
She with a smile presents the Friend;
Who like a Cotquean'd Fool, whose Life
Is Bless'd, if he can please his Wife,

Charm'd



HELL beyond HELL.

Charm'd with a wheedling Kiss, consents
To all th' unmerciful Contents.

Nought but Caresses now are seen,
And Mirth, best Cure against the Spleen;
Two Months and more in Comick State
The Fidler on the House-top sate;
And 'twas an even Bett, to lay,
That all the Year he so would play;
But, as we see in Seasons fair,
When Golden *Phœbus* warms the Air,
And Mortals the kind Blessing share;
The Wind o'th' sudden turning, blows
As cold as if with Winter-Snows
The Ground, and Leaveless Trees were froze;
Just so to prove no solid Bliss,
Nor Certainty in Nature is,
The Bride with sudden Discontents
Chang'd Humour like the Elements;
The Air's disturb'd, black Clouds possess
Her Gloomy Brow, the Cause was this:

A Princess of Exalted Fame,
A Savoyard, or some such Dame,

By

By grant Consent had been bestow'd
 On one o'th' Princes of the Blood
 Who being full of sprightly Air,
 And one that knew she was fair,
 To adorn her Beauty would not miss
 Ought she thought proper for her Dress
 Therefore the choicest Fashions bought,
 That could at any time be got;
 And sometimes when they happen'd
 To please her, has Example shewn
 By strange Inventions of her own
 And now against this happy time,
 Her Fancy you must think, sublime,
 A new-form'd Head adorns her Brow,
 And such a whimsical Purpoe,
 That fifteen Taylors, now stark mad,
 Studying Directions she had laid;
 A Model of which Dress being seen,
 Antick as any Indian Queen;
 And having th' Dauphiness's Praise,
 The Brain of half the Court does craze
 To get themselves equip'd to come
 In this new Mode to th' Drawing-Room.

Amongst her Feet, and Tongue can tell
The fearful Pangs of *Madness*;
It stabs her to the Soul, and heart
Of Balls, and Feasts, and she not there
Besides a Dress so charming, and
And she to have no Change in her
At last does to her Husband freely
That now she cannot Tolerate
Fowls all the Day, and all the Night
When she her Spouse should most delight
Turns from him, on his like a stock
Nor will be wak'd to tell the Clock
Her Fancy you must think sublime;

Sir Dewelling, who began to find
His Turtle every Day less kind,
That all th' obliging Air was gone,
And in its stead, a frowning Frown;
Selects a time to understand
What 'twas her Favours so restrain'd,
And what that Pleasure had decreas'd,
With which she seem'd so lately blest:
The Dame, though full to th' Crown o' th' Head
With cramm'd Vexations that there bred,

And wanted a fortune so great,
 The Purport of her Discontent;
 Yet hardly could be got to speak,
 Tho' her Heart ready was to break
 With Thoughts that taught her every day
 The World of things she had to say,
 A trick the Sex have got t' amuse
 The Am'rous Fool they would abuse;
 But yet all strugglings over past,
 The secret was got out at last,
 That the true Cause she was so sad,
 Was the ill Bargain she had made,
 To be confin'd so for a Year,
 Whatever Chance might interfere,
 Adding, That now such Reason was,
 For her to change th' accusom'd Dress,
 That twenty Ages might run o'er
 E'er shew one such occasion more;
 That Honour too depended on't,
 And Female Rep. if she should want
 A Habit to be seen at Court
 This time when all the Gay resort,
 She should be Jeer'd, and made a sport;

Besides, her Family's great Fame
 Would be so lessen'd by that shame,
 That *Mad'moiselle* should not appear
 For want of proper things to wear;
 Some low-born Citty she thought should be,
 And Married had some poor *Cadeu*.

This Thought her spleen does so provoke,
 Winding her self up like a Clock,
 With talking on, she tells him plain
 If e'er he'll see her kind again,
 If any Happiness does please
 In the prov'd Joy of her Embrace,
 He must in this, oblige her now,
 Contrive a way to evade his Vow,
 And render her this once, addition
 Of Wealth, to make a new Provision,
 Which if deny'd, and like a Mome
 If she be forc'd to stay at home,
 Her Clouded Brow can never clear,
 Her Tongue say nought that's kind and dear,
 And wanting too a new Night-Dress
 She should so hate to shew her Face,
 That only her Posterious Grace

Must

Must serve him, but no tender turn
Like that when equal Passions burn.

Sir Devilling here began to feel
The first Pang of the Married Hell;
And was oblig'd to own by Proof
'Twas a Vexation sharp enough;
But not to cause such dreadful Care,
As that a Mortal should despair,
Then patiently considering too
'Twas but one thing she'd have him do;
But once, and to be Plagu'd no more,
Her Charms too having got such Power
Upon his Devilship's Flesh and Blood,
As were not easily withstood,
Resolv'd to strain his Conscience now,
And to oblige her, break his Vow;
But wisely yet to let her know
'Twas somewhat difficult to do;
That Beauty's Force could only break
Resolves that Men of Honour make.
He tells her, tho' her Point she gain'd
She must believe the Grant was strain'd;

Since he before, her Will to please,
 Had given unlimited Excess,
 And therefore charg'd her to take care,
 No more to urge the same Affair,
 Since tho' this once Resolves he broke,
 Nought could a second Breach provoke.

To this the Dame no Answer makes,
 She's pleas'd enough her Purpose takes,
*And like true Town-bred Harri-
 dan,*
That she had Bubled her good Man.
 Who readily too t'oblige her more,
 Bids Cashier Dick recruit her Store,
 Who came on th' Instant, as before
 With five full Bags on Shoulders born,
 Drawn from Hell's Bank that very Morn.

And now th' Sun's bright Eye looks dull,
 Compar'd to those of *Mad'moiselle*;
 The Charming Gold had gilt her Face,
 And so improv'd the natural Grace,
Aurora shone not half so Gay,
 Nor *Venus* rising from the Sea;

Soon

Soon too the Artists were employ'd
To model this new-fashion'd Pride;
Embroideries, Gold and Silver laid
In Ruffled Lace on rich Brocade;
Besides such haste the Dress to get
Could not afford them time to Eat,
For that was but a Foppery
Compar'd with her Necessity;
At last the tedious Hours are gone,
And she as glittering as the Sun;
Or like an Empress of the East,
Flies to the Pompous Wedding-Feast.

Blazing she comes, so Brisk, so Belle,
She all the rest does far excel;
The greatest Dame of Mode in Town,
Most fam'd for Furbeloid Renown,
And had the most capacious Gown
Came short of her, as story tells
By very near two Hundred Ells;
The Doors of every Room were made
Too narrow all, she does so spread,
And passing, still some ruffle press'd
That strutted out above the rest;

Attracting thus all Eyes and Tongues,
 This Beau admires, this Coxcomb longs;
 This Dutchess likes enough to Rail,
 And t'other grows through Envy, Pale;
 The Married Lady's Heart she wins
 With Mien, for when the Ball begins,
 In Radiant Titan's Beamy Shine,
 The Atoms never Danc'd so fine,

Carress'd thus highly Every Day,
 By the Beau-monds, they Plots now lay
 And try to get her in to Play;
 The Princely Bride too sets her hard,
 But finds her for all Games prepar'd;
 Her self she could at Ombre right,
 But Piquet was her chief Delight,
 Which with such Modesty The Play'd,
 She even out-did the Banfullst Maid
 In reck'ning shew'd the nicest Part,
 And fault found with the terms of Art;
 A Small Perse is an odious thing,
 She calls it three still from a King;
 But seems to lose of Speech the Pow'r,
 When she must name her Quint Major;

So well her Cunning she maintains
 So well, an Artful Candour feigns,
 And long at this, successful Reigns,
 Till brought at last to change her sport,
 Bassett, the Whirlpool of the Court,
 That swallows all that there resort,
 Exacts her time both Day and Night
 For Lucre now more than Delight;
 And to engage her, there was sent
 From the new Bride a Complement,
 That the next Night should Talliere be,
 And must not want her Company;
 This Message like a Pointed Dart
 On th' Instant struck Fancos's Heart;
 She knows the Tallieres hop'd for Gain,
 But wants the Bank that must maintain;
 For she, with what you heard before,
 Her Lavish Dress had drain'd her store
 To such diminutive Degree,
 She scarce a common * Punt could be,
 Still so unlucky was each * Fasse,
 So Fickle too, * Trent et Leva's;

* Terms used in the Game of Bassett.

HELL beyond HELL.

But then the offer'd Grace to flight;
Ruins her Reputation quite;
Her gawdy Garb such Fame had got,
That she Immense for Wealth was thought,
And to be found Broke, and Poor,
Her haughty Soul could ne'r endure;
A Hundred Thousand several ways
Her Brain contrives a Sum to raise,
As many times too finds a stop
To the weak Ground-work of her Hope,
Till tir'd with Thought, her Genius shews
At last, she has no means to use,
Nor no way left but by her Spouse;
For only he could well supply
Her want, and this new vanity;
Full of her self, then, and the Trick
They have as soon as they can Speak,
Belov'd Dissembling, home she lies,
And under the well-form'd Disguise
Of wheedling Words, and tempting Smiles,
With which their Sex ours still beguiles,
Her Game she cunningly begins;
But all her Art now nothing wins;

The

The Devil this time was Woman-Proof;
And told her in an Accent rough,
When she at last explain'd her want,
He was resolv'd no more to grant;
That till the New Year did return,
Supplies must cease, and he had sworn;
Then lets her know too, the last Sum
Had made her gad so much from Home;
Gaming and Dancing at all Hours,
She seldom stay'd within his Doors;
That Wives were Comforts very small
If every Feast, and every Ball
Must draw 'em out, employ their Leggs
All Night in Minuets and Jiggs,
And leave the Home where Husband was
Alone in Bed, with Arms a-cro's,
A thing that late so oft she us'd,
He now had found himself abus'd,
And could not such Injustice slight,
Offending Matrimonial Right;
To which she answers, 'Twas no more
Than other Wives had done before;
That if he took her for a Mome,
To sit within all Day hum-drum,

Or

Or thought a Wife must be a Slave,
 To House up Graces Nature gave,
 And not be seen, he must prepare
 To live with some one else, not her;
 And now her Tongue being got loose,
 Each Accent Echoes through the House,
 Which made the Devil, that too well hears,
 Get some Black Wool to stop his Ears;
 Her Voice not ceasing Day nor Night,
 Turns now to Gall late sweet Delight;
 She hints too, if she wants Supplies
 To serve her Court-Necessities,
 And if her Husband is hide-bound,
 She had a brisk young Lover found,
 To whom, would she one Favour grant,
 She could no Sum of Money want,
 And rather than her Credit lose,
 Which must if Tallying she refuse,
 She'll send to Invite him to her House;
 Which done, if then his Forehead got
 A Horny Crest, 'twas his own Fault.

Now had the Devil just cause to tell
 He felt a Plague surpassing Hell;
 Since

The first Comick Tale.

43

Since weighing her last words, he neer
Such Impudence had heard of there,
And fretfully began to fear
He should to the Infernal King
But poor account of's Journey bring,
Since by her late Insulting Courte,
He found his Wife grew worse and worse,
Who, if she could not have her Will,
With Clamorous Sounds the House would fill,
Nay, Threats to bring her Bullies home,
To Justifie his Cuckoldom.

This last, Sir Devilling wounds most deep,
So that resolv'd to save her Rep.
Upon Condition she'd Recant
That Thought, her Suit he'll once more grant;
Once more his trusty Dird shall raise
A Bank against the Princess Plays,
And once more she the Breeches win,
Swearing he sha'nt be Plagu'd again.

Freely she swore, as one that thought
A Gamester's Oath still goes for nought,
And now th' expected Sum being brought,

Her

HELL beyond HEAVEN.

Her Brow uncaries, the Weather clears;
 Conjugal Smoak too disappears;
 She gets full Bags that load her Shelf,
 From th' Devil, by playing the Devil her self;
 Whilst he, poor Fiend, to purchase Ease,
 Thus sneakingly does buy his Peace.

Then when the Gaming Night comes on,
 As Gorgeous as the Mid-day Sun
 Th' Assembly meets, and on the Board,
 Scatters like Jove, the drolling Hoard;
 Salutes the * Punts with Bows and Dops;
 'Midst Rolls of Fifty, thick as Hops;
 And lastly, deals with such Success,
 Managing Paroli and Fasse
 So well, she all their Purses drains,
 And scarce can count her bulky Gains:

This lifts her Credit still more high,
 Balls, Banquets, and Luxuriant Joy;

* A term for Basket-Players.

No Day does now with Pleasure waffe,
When she's not chief invited Guest;
Nor will she only these receive,
But now resolves a Treat to give,
And rich Collation to provide
For th' Princely Bridegroom, and the Bride;
Nor were they only Principal,
For she, tho' free, and penn without,
Had a peculiar Friend by th' by,
Who rais'd Sir Devilling's Jealousie,
For whom she long her Saire had laid,
And chiefly now this Banquet made.

Vex'd even to Madnels was our Fiend
At hearing what she did intend;
He shews dislike with Growles and Frowns,
Curfes the Company, sweares G—Zounds
He'll Tilt him, and the Throat will tear
Of her new Friend, the Picquet-Player;
And stoter every Capring Fool
That makes his House a Dancing-School;
But all is vain, for whilst he Bawls,
She, a Note six times louder equals;

And

And tells him plainly to his Face,
 If his Moroseness bring Disgrace;
 If he'll not be content to see
 And hear, and bear all quietly,
 She'll take up stairs her best of Friends,
 And try to make him there amends.

These words the Devil so sharply struck,
 Away his Power of Answering took,
 Who now with inward Groans, declared
 Complaints were true he lately heard,
 And that the Married Men's Despair
 Might cause such Numbers Hell to share;
 Musing on which, away he flings,
 She tossed her Head, makes Mouths, and sings;
 All th' present Night through spite sits up,
 The next, the Guests all come to sup;
 Great Lords and Ladies, Bees, and Fops,
 Singers and Dancers, all in Troops,
 Musicians too, from whose sharp Sounds
 Echo in spacious Roofs rebounds;
 Some Talk, some Dance, some try the Voice,
 And give full Liberry to Noise.

The first Comick Tale.

53

As one that Travelling has been,
Coming at Night to a Country Inn,
Where the Mad, scolding Dame oth' House
Giving her rattling Tongue a Loose,
Soon runs a-ground her Peaceful Spouse,
Who, simple Man, sneaks patient by,
And dares not tempt her Boisterous Cry;
So look'd our Hen-peck'd Fiend this Hour,
The Devil was ne'er so us'd before;
The Frolics twixt his Guests and Wife
He ne'er saw equal'd all his Life;
This Ogling Coxcomb blows a Kiss,
Another gives her Hand a squeeze;
A third must talk with her alone,
And he, poor Devil, must still look on,
And nought unmanner'd dare to say,
Though he should see 'em — Rem —
So spurrs him now to get away;
That Plagu'd to th' last Extreme — Farewel
He loudly cry'd, — *HELL beyond HELL.*
Our Pangs to this are Recreation,
An ill Wife only is Damnation;
This said, to take the easier flight,
He straight Transforms into a Spright,
H Leaving

Leaving the Assembly all amazed, just one
 Who trembling, on the wonder gaz'd,
 Where he while must leave him too,
 Meaning Sir Devilling to pursue;
 Who wandering now from Place to Place
 To find a Corps he might possess;
 Cities, Courts, Villages looks o'er,
 The Country Hinds, and Men of Power;
 Yet through all France, far off or near,
 Where he's Condemned to stay his Years,
 Found none for his Recess could bring
 So fit a Body as the King.

That Grand Monarch who was become
 The Terror of all Christendom,
 By sending Conqu'ring Troops Abroad,
 And getting Towns by Force or Fraud,
 That when Old Noll his Game did Win,
 Could ne'er a Leading Card begin,
 But Play'd all Trumps when C----- came in,
 Who strip'd us of our Bowers of Oats,
 And pay'd by Proxy, witty Jokes;
 And many a heap of Gold got o'er,
 Which to Enrich him, made us Poor;

That

That Saint, most Christian, who has spilt
More Blood to feed Ambitious Guilt,
And Pride Tyannick to maintain
Than there is Water in the Sea;
Who cramm'd with Kingly Grace, would seize
Th' Effects of wretched Refugees,
And drive 'em here in Flocks forlorn,
As if like Crows they spoil'd his Corn;
With which some shaven Rocks did fly
To play his Game too by the by;
This Hero, who his Faith and Word
Were on the Point still of his Sword,
And never Kingly Oath did make,
But he resolv'd in time to break;
For Oaths, like Excremental Hair
He thought, when Majesty did swear,
Which Irksom, might be Clip'd again,
As well as t'other, from his Chair;
That has for many rowling Years
All Europe Drown'd in Blood and Tears,
And Plagu'd the Neighbouring Crowns with
(Fears,
Not of his Force but Treachery,
For Justice to the last Degree

He flights, and as in these fam'd times
 Crump *Luxemburg* indulg'd his Grimes,
 Who from his Pug receiving Aid,
 In *Flemish* Lands such Havock made;
 So now his Conjuring Methods are
 Dispatch'd to *Villars* and *Wilby* of Affairs,
Vendosme and *Boufflers* are to fight him
 On Regal Orders, wrong or right;
 When odds, secure their Conquest shews,
 Else never are to come to Blows;
 And as Land-Troops these Warriours grace,
 And their great Master's Glory raise;
 At Sea, rough *Pointe* and *de Caffre*,
 (Who from our Ambassadors sent
 Do oft meet civil Compliments,
 Instead of Shot from a Chase Gun,
 A Tack-about, and so pass on)
 Join to exalt him to the Skies,
 Knowing the Point to which he flies,
 Is to be Emp'rour or he Dies.
 The Temper of this mighty Man
 So suits our Hellish Vagabond,

Who

Who, as some Amorists use to do,
 Mix'd with his Love, Ambition too,
 That in his Trunk without delay,
 He closely does himself convey,
 There with strange wamblings Plagues, his Guts,
 And thence his Brain in Ferment puts;
 Inspires him in strict League to fall
 With a fam'd Spanish Cardinal,
 Who lov'd the Holy Golden Calf
 Better than the *Sants* great by half,
 And act with him in forging Skill,
 To change the Royal Ideot's Will,
 Which soon was perfected, and now
 Confirms the Right of great Anjou.

The Fiend provok'd him too, for Ease
 Of his Rack'd Corps, to sign a Peace;
 And tho' his Soul own'd no such thing,
 Style Royal *W—m* Rightful King;
 And when a new Fit came, Prefer
 His Ward, King *J—* undoubted Heir;
 From State-Tricks, thus to Juggling fall,
 And *Hixius doxius* play withal;

praise even the *Turk* to gain his Ends,
 Rank him amongst his best of Friends;
 And swear the *Alcoran's* a thing
 Becomes the Closer of a King,
 Which, with *de F...* and Learn'd *A-Hill*,
 Were written with an Angel's Quill;
 Lastly, choice Spite to spread about,
 A Hair-brain'd Rake to single out,
 To Arm, and vagrant Succours lead
 Against their Master to make Head;
 One, who the last Reign was so bare,
 Had *English* Bounty fill'd to spare,
 Had starv'd by th' Dukedom of *Bavaria*;
 But now so flush'd with small success,
 To aim at the Imperial Place,
 Invade *Tirol*, and Forces draw
 To seize *Franconia* and *Passau*,
 Whom he a while lets thus controul,
 And then designs to swallow whole;
 Next fills his Brains with Villany,
 Of such *Plebeian* base Degree,
 Scarce Parallel was ever made,
 Landau must be to him betray'd;

Two seeming Beggars are dispatch'd
To Brood what his wife Pare had Hatch'd,
And by large Sums the Letters bore,
Their Correspondents known before,
Were Brib'd to own Burgundian Power,
But th' Plot found out, to nothing came,
So *Aesop* back return'd with Shame,
Though *Tallard* since has with Success
Of Arms and Bribery got the Place,
Spite of the Valiant Prince of *Hesse*.

Such Plots with matchless Mischief fraught,
The Devil each Day his Pupil taught;
(Regaling now in Station where
He had his Will to Domineer,
Free from the Plague of Woman-kind,
And Torment he so late did find,)
Who cramp'd with Fits and painful Ills,
And some worse Twitches that he feels,
Now seeks at last Physicians Skills;
The chief of which with open Breast,
Declar'd in short, he was Possess'd,
That nothing but a Devil within
Could make him look Black, Blue, and Green;

HELL beyond HELL.

Nor fill his Head with what appears
T'have plagu'd the World for Fifty Years.
Known, the Devil too much their Friend had been;
Too oft had cur'd their Amorous Ills
By Black-Ey'd Daxies in their Cells;
To rout him rudely from a Place
Where so well Lodg'd and Pleas'd he was;
But yet for shew, t' attempt the Cure,
With mumbling Chaps, and Looks demure,
They shower'd so much their *Eau benite*,
It made the poor Possess'd so wet,
'Twas well the Devil his Fire could bring
To quench, they else had Drown'd the King,
Who found, for all that they could do,
His Fits of Mischief oft renew,
And therefore with his Friends Advis'd
How to be thoroughly Exorciz'd,
Who not long after brought a Man
Who had such noted Wonders done,

By

By Knowledge in the Magick Art,
'Twas thought Familiars took his Part,
And that he with some Fiend kept touch;
Having in private own'd as much,
Brimming Cups his Secrets drew,
And made th' Astrologer tell true.

This Artist fam'd for Skillful Lore,
Was our wise Doctor, nam'd before,
Who late so kindly did provide
His Hellish Comrade with a Bride,
And ever since his Mounting Course,
When trusty Dick was made his Horse,
Had o'er the Town acquir'd the Rep.
Of Conjuring with his Parchment slip,
And late had quell'd an Imp from Hell,
Who made a Faction Churl Rebel,
Who waited a revolving Day,
When France should his Command obey,
Assisted by the *Seuennois*;
Another Peg too, who the tall
Plump Daughter of a Cardinal
Had late possess'd with freakish Brain,
And plagu'd with *furor uterine*;

To

To such degree she'd range the Street,
 Each Night, adventurous Love to meet,
 And ride upon the Backs at home
 Of Footman Tom, and Jack the Groom,
 By him was routed, and the Whim
 Late rais'd to scandalous Extrem,
 Reduc'd to former modest Prim;
 A Widow too, who for her Sins
 Was plagu'd with swallowing crooked Pins,
 Hob-nails, old Iron, and canker'd Brags,
 Wire, Tenter-hooks, and bits of Glass;
 Who had been Plotting long to cheat
 Her Children of a fair Estate,
 And being Conscience-struck at last,
 By one o'th' Demons was Possess'd,
 But by our gifted Quack releas'd,
 Who lastly had in England made
 A Cure upon a high-flown Blade,
 A strong Church-stickler Retrograde,
 Who though he ne'er the altar saw,
 Yet still swore Damn him 'twas the Law,
 And in defence of that he'd Draw,
 For which 'mongst other Patients brought
 Large Sums, and great Rewards he got
 And

And hearing now what th' King endur'd,
Had boldly vouch'd he could be Cur'd;
For which his Fortune to advance,
He was to be a Peer of France;
Ten Thousand Pistoles too paid down,
An Annual Pension from the Crown;
Besides a Medal, and Gold Chain,
An Honour'd Badge the Learned gain
For valued Art, and strength of Brain;
Which Largefs, when the Doctor knows,
With speed he to the Patient goes,
There views his wither'd, wrinkl'd Face,
Hands, Feet, with strange distorted Splays,
Which Cramps, and Stitches hourly vex,
Encreas'd by th' Age of Sixty Six,
But little thinks his Comrade there,
And Benefactor was so near.

From Purse Perfum'd he straight does pull A
His late got Diabolick Scrawl,
Then reads the horrid Jargon, writ
As barbarous as a Dutch Gazette;
Or a Welch Brief, when Gutter'd o'er
In a bleak Church on Penmenmaur.

The

The Devil, who dozing lay *perdue*,
 Hearing him bawl, peep'd out to view,
 And presently the Gossip knew;
 But somewhat vex'd to be disturb'd,
 His signs of going forward curb'd;
 Telling him lowly he was there
 A very Devil, no Conjuror,
 As when he him, Sir Rance thought,
 And from his Gift that Parchment got,
 That he had found *HELL beyond HELL*
 In her with whom he made him dwell,
 Knew too the Gold already had,
 His Services had much o'er-pay'd,
 And now he lull'd himself in Ease,
 Bade him through Gratitude to cease
 To vent his Charm, since 'twas in vain,
 For he could soon the Spell restrain,
 And was resolv'd to keep his Cell
 A Year, he lik'd the Place for well.

Clip'd were the Doctor's soaring Joys
 At hearing of Sir Devilling's Voice;
 Inform'd too of the true degree
 Of his Infernal Quality;

ENT

Frustrated

Frustrated Hopes does strangely vex,
The Peerage in his Stomach sticks;
And the Ten Thousand *Louis d'Ors*
So throng his Intellectual Powers,
That he entreats his *Quaker Friend*,
Whom now he knew to be a Fiend,
No longer in that Place to brood,
But change this Place to do him good,
And in return he need not doubt
Soon as his *Mortal Glass* was out,
Since Doctors don't abound in Grace,
To serve him in another Place.

The wanton Devil laugh'd at that,
And told him that his Patron got
Such Clusters of his willing Tribe,
That one he thought not worth a Bribe,
And therefore bade him *Gibberish* cease,
And rake up Wealth by other Fees,
Since he was fix'd to keep his Place.

Dampt was the Doctor at these Words,
And more, when by the *Talk* Lords

Press'd hourly to relieve the King,
 He tells 'em 'twas a greater thing
 Than first he thought, that in his Breach
 Where with strong Spells he did his best,
 The Devil had taken such deep Root,
 'Twas very hard to get him out,
 Yet prays 'em patiently to stand,
 Their Expectations all next Morn.

They all depart, and now our Quack
 Sets all his Wits upon the Rack,
 To study how he may overcome
 The Pug, and get this tempting Sum;
 Says he, I've been so long a School
 To know this Devil's but a Fool;
 Else he had look'd into her Life
 Before he leap'd into a Wife;
 Why may not I then make my Gains
 By the defect of his weak Brains,
 Who is Condemn'd to be chock-full
 Whilst here, and easie to be fool'd?
 This said, he Paus'd from Twelve to One,
 Then rowling, cry'd, The Feat is done.

I'ye reconcil'd a thing to Art,
Shall fetch him out in spite on's Heart.

This when contriv'd, the Morning came,
The Flowers attend Sol's rising Beam,
And lift with joy their Dewy Heads
T'adorn the Plains and gawdy Meads,
When now the Impatient Nobles throng,
To see the Cure, defer'd so long,
And round about the Doctor late
To hear from him the Voice of Fate,
Who bids 'em Instantly to get

The King's chief Musick to his Room,
Each Trumpet too, and Kettle-Drum,
Pots, Pans, and every roaring Voice
That could hawke out the loudest Noise,
And wait his Motion, which when found,
They should at once begin to Sound;

This soon was done, they plac'd in Rows,
Both him that Saws, and him that Blows;
Then when in order was each thing,
The Doctor steals in to the King,
There finds him sadly Rack'd, and Torn,
The Devil had Dancing been that Morn,
And

And to strange Notes of his own Yell
 Practis'd a Paeper and Gebell,
 Whom with grave Face again he Prays
 To seek another Dancing-place,
 But was as late deny'd once more,
 At which he stamping on the Floor
 The Trumpets, Kettle-Drums, and Pots,
 Viol de gambols, Spill Cars-gurts,
 Cornets, and every Bellowing Voice
 Struck up with most stupendious Noise;
 Doud various Soundings Echoing fly
 And Musick now untunes the Sky

The Devil surpriz'd at the strange Din,
 That could not guess what it should mean,
 His Mouth near to the Doctor draws,
 To ask him what might be the Cause,
 Who fraught with quickness of the Brain,
 Sir Devilling cries, the Cause is plain,
 You Swore you'd aid my Interest,
 Yet have deny'd my late Request,
 So hinder'd me from growing Rich,
 And therefore in revenge of which
 I've told your Wife where you reside,
 Who all her Friends has thus Employ'd,

And

And is her self in the next Room,
And for her Alliemoney come.

The Devil at this gave such a Start,
Made the tormented Monarch F—t;
Stunn'd with the Sence-Confounding noise,
And th' Terrour of his Wife's shrill Voice,
Resolv'd to fly away with haste,
And through the Back-door with the Blast
Mingled with Winds, and charm'd with Fear,
Down to th' Abyfs his Course did steer,
And desperate, rather chuses there
Ages to live, a Slave in Hell
Than with his Wife one Hour to dwell.

Thus was the Tortur'd King reliev'd,
But whether Grace he e'er retriev'd
A Secret is not yet disclos'd,
And thus too an ill Wife's Expos'd,
Which modestly my Muse has shewn
To be no Product of our own;
Whom that she mayn't Discountenance,
Pray note, the Scene is laid in *France*.

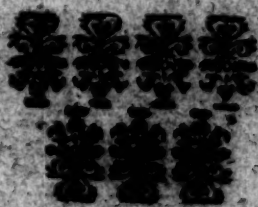
And a hot felt in the next morning
And for her Alimony copy

The Devil as the gave him a
Made the torned Mankind
Strand with the same confounding noise
And the terror of the World's full Voice
Resolved to be away with him
And through the hard door with the King
Mingled with Winds, and clung with Fear
Down to the Abyss in Courts and Fear
And desperate, rather than to live
Agree to live, a slave in Hell
Than with the World one hour to dwell

Thus was the Lord King
But whether Great or Low
A secret is not for the King
And thus too in all things
Which modestly my Muse has shown
To be no Product of our own
Whom that the name of Disappointment
May give the name is found in Love

Female Revenge:
OR THE
QUEEN
OF
LOMBARDY.

The Second Tragick Tale.



Done out of the *French* Prose of Monsieur
Bel-Forest, into *English* Verse; with
large Additions and Embellishments.
By the Author.

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FEMALE REVENGE:

OR THE

Queen of *LOMBARDY*.

IN *Lombardy*, as Antique Bards relate,
Great *Albovine*, a Potent Monarch Reign'd,
Who by his Conqu'ring Arms, and Prosp'rous
(Fate
Adjacent Crowns, and Spacious Countries gain'd,
And War through *Italy* so well maintain'd
The Martial Beat of his fierce Troops did come,
Even to *Ravenna*, and the Walls of *Rome*,

2.

Nor could the false * *Longinus* stop his Power,
 Who Valiant * *Narzes* just before Disgrac'd,
 Lieutenant to the *Grecian* Emperor,
 Whom he by Female Malice back'd, displac'd,
 And by that Change did *Latium's* Trouble haste;
 Where *Albovine* to do that Hero right,
 Now Ravag'd uncontroll'd with dreadful Might.

3.

The strange Allay of which Impetuous Storm
 At Leisure we hereafter shall Express,
 And vary from that Subject, to Inform
 The Reader of a Tragical Distress
 Of different kind, by Female Wantonness,
 Which the Victorious *Albovine* beset,
 No Ages Story scarce can Parallel,

* Paul Diaire in his History of Lombardy relates how Narzes, Lieutenant to the Emperor Justinian, being traduced by Sophia the Empress in behalf of Longinus her Favourite, was turn'd out, which made him address to Albovine for a Revenge, vid. lib. 2. ca. 5.

4.
 'Tis true, *Apollo* thought not fit to choose
 This Prince *a Patron of the Sons of Art,
 That Grace was wanting, therefore can my Muse
 No Altars raise, nor Chant his high desert
 For Cherishing true Merit in that Part;
 Yet, what he wanted from the *Thespian* Spring,
Mars well supply'd, who fram'd a warring King.

5.
 Firm in Resolve, and of undaunted Soul,
 Vig'rous in Body, and the same in Mind,
 Cruel, and fierce, as of *Barbarian* Mould,
 But yet to Honour's Principles Inclined,
 And in that Glorious Race ne'er lagg'd behind;
 He still, the first, press'd forward to the Prize,
 By Custom bred, all Dangers to despise.

6.
 And 'mongst his Conquests, which around were
 (spread,
 The *Gepides*, near the *Danube's* Silver Tide;

* Character of *Albovine*.

Had like Success, whose Valiant * King struck
 (Dead
 By his strong Hand, blushing in Sanguine Pride,
 He from the Body did the Head divide;
 That Head which late a Warlike Nation sway'd,
 And of the Royal Skull, a Goblet made.

7.

Which, at his Feasts was as a Trophy brought
 Of his Triumphant Victory obtain'd,
 In which the Princes of the Land were taught
 To drink by turns the Health of him that Reign'd;
 And Custom had this Deed so long maintain'd,
 That what at first did secret Horror bring
 Was acted now but as a common thing.

8.

This Prince a Widower some time had been,
 And with one only Beauteous Daughter Bless'd,
 Of tender Years, left by his Vertuous Queen
 A sweet Connubial Pledge when she Deceas'd,
 Fair, Good, as shall hereafter be express'd;

* Gomond, King of the Gepides.

For now 'tis proper to relate what Joys
Pursu'd the Conqu'ring Monarch's second Choice.

9.

Amongst the Captives of King Gomond's Race,
By him enslav'd,--- a Princess * there was found
Of so divine and exquisite a Grace;
Her Eyes, ne'er look'd on him they did not wound,
Whom *Albovine* no sooner saw, but Crown'd
By Conquest, his * small time in Court was spent,
Tho' afterwards much leisure to Repent.

10.

For though with Beauty's Grace in outward
(shew,
Ev'n beyond all her Angel-Sex adorn'd;
Yet Lawless Sparks within her Breast did Glow,
Which after for another flaming Burn'd
To such Degree, the Marriage-Bed was scorn'd;
Whilst inbred Hatred in her Soul had place
To *Albovine*, and all the *Lombard* Race.

* Rosamond. * *Albovine* marries Rosamond, the Daughter of
Gomond, whom he had slain,

And

And here, lest Painting of one Female Vice
 Unluckily should shock the numerous Fair,
 Or cause the Anger of the Good and Wise,
 Who of bright Vertue are Examples rare,
 To these (the Worlds chief Blessing,) I declare
 My Verse bears no Intention of Offence,
 But rather to exalt their Excellence.

12.

That by exposing one Deformity,
 Since Nature frail, can no Perfection know,
 The Throng of Beauty more admir'd might be,
 As Faces by small Spots do Lovelier shew;
 Or by a piece of Jet, a heap of Snow;
 Nor for one Woman's Fault are th^t Sex disgrac'd,
 One Angel fell, -- but did not stain the rest.

13.

Too high a Value on that Charming Kind
 I set, to wrong 'em with Reflection here;
 By Bounteous Dole of Providence design'd,

The

The Second Tragick Tale.

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*The Richest Gems Mankind with Pride can wear,
And therefore ought to be Esteem'd most Dear;
I only shew this Foyle with a Design
To make their dazzling Lustre brighter shine.*

14.

*And to expose to these, and after-times
How far the Motions of Revenge can sway,
O'er-leaping Danger, and the worst of Crimes,
To make its strong, impetuous Passion way,
Which in the Queen we lately did display,
Shall be at large related, and how strong
A Woman's Vengeance for a Woman's Wrong.*

15.

*Who, though new Seated a Majestick Bride,
And more than Life by *Albortine* belov'd,
Fortune nere thank'd for what she did provide,
Her vagrant Inclinations lower mov'd;
The Murtherer of her Father hateful prov'd;
Whilst by her Eye, a smooth-fac'd Page of his
Was chose chief Mignon for unlawful Blifs.*

16. Hel.

16.

Helmingo was the happy Favourite's Name,
 Of graceful Person, and alluring Face,
 Bred by his Master in the School of Fame;
 And high in Trust, though of Extraction base,
 A *Lombard* Courtier which the Queen did raise
 Through Spite, that th' King, as she her Plot
 (had laid,
 By his own Countryman might be betray'd.

17.

And as already she close hatred bore
 To all that were the downfall of her House,
 And Father's Death, as has been said before,
 So now a new Affront from her rash Spouse,
 A strange unnatural and vile Abuse
 Befel, which blew the Flame to such a height,
 No Diligence could stop, nor Power abate.

18.

For on a fullen, and malignant Day,
 When no one Star bore kindly Influence,

The

The ill-Fated King, whose Brain, curs'd Fumes did
(sway,
Of *Greekish* Wine, that had o'er-power'd his Sence,
And Poison'd him with Brutish Insolence,
Commanded that they should the Goblet bring,
The Royal Head of the late Conquer'd King.

19.

And after much unnoble Arrogance,
Which nothing but rank Madness can defend;
Amongst his hot Companions,--- who advance,
And each by turns the dreadful Vessel drein'd,
To make the Rior greater at the End,
Gave it a Page with Sovereign Wine to fill,
And more than Frantick, thus express'd his Will.

20.

Go to my Wife*, Queen *Rosamond*, from me,
And to her Hand this Sparkling Liquor bear,
Bid her, in answer to my Courtesie,
Drinking my Health,--- within her Bosom wear

* The barbarous affront given by K. Albovine to Rosamond.

Th' uncommon Grace, and with her Father there
 Reflect on Conjugal Felicity
 In grateful Sounds of Mirth and Jollity.

Accursed Grape that wert the fatal Cause
 Of this Degenerate and vile Affront;
 For had King *Albovine* the Sence to Pause
 Before this Rashness, he had never don't,
 Nor been call'd after to such strict account;
 Thou source of all worst Mischiefs that have been
 In Ages past, or in fam'd Story seen.

By thee Infected, the great *Macedon*
 His best of Friends, and bravest General slew;
 By thee the Heir of *Cyrus* * sham'd his Crown,
 And through thy Venom the Victorious * *Jew*
 T' indulge one Vice, a Nation's Odium drew;
 And by thy Devil Possess'd, did blindly grant
 The horrid Murder of a Holy Saint.

* *Cambyfes.* * *Herod.*

23.

Nor less of note was now the Guilt that rose
By thy vile means from this offended Queen;
For when she to renew her former Woes,
Had th' Messenger and fatal Present seen,
An angry Blush, rais'd from her swelling Spleen,
O'er-spread her lovely Face, whilst her full Breast
Ev'n burst with the sharp Pangs her Soul possess'd.

24.

Yet smothering Rage beneath wife Female Art,
She seem'd *as if she no abuse had known,
And whate'er Viper gnaw'd, her tortur'd Heart,
Yet nought appear'd, she bade the Page make
(known
To his great Master, that his Will was done,
That she had drunk his Health, the Wine was
(good,
And glad to find him in that Frolick Mood.

25.

But as when the moist Element below
Exhal'd on high into a bladder'd Cloud,

* The Dissimulation and Subtilty of Rosamond.

Encreasing first does no Contention shew ;
 The Season smiles, as of its Beauty Proud,
 Till over-full, it bursts, and roars aloud ;
 The Darting Thunder gores the Blasted Plain,
 Pursu'd by Deluges of pouring Rain.

26.

So, almost Murther'd with her stiff'd Woe,
 The Messenger remov'd, she gave it vent,
 From her fair Eyes large floods of Tears did flow,
 Which from the Rancour of her Heart were sent,
 And swell'd with Sighs that had long time been
 pent ;
 Till Hatred, and revengeful Rage more strong,
 At last forc'd out this Passion from her Tongue.

27.

' Ah curs'd Barbarian Insolent, she cry'd,
 ' Was't not enough that my unhappy Race
 ' Fate had subjected to thy cruel Pride,
 ' But thou dar'st thus affront me to my Face
 ' By a curs'd Act, so horrible and base ;
 ' An Act more dreadful to my tortur'd Sense
 ' Than Hell can Study for the worst Offence.

28. And

28.

' And bath'd all over with the Reeking Gore
' Of Royal Gomond, who my Being lent,
' Now to his Daughter, though thy Wife, do'st
' By th' horrid Present thus in Mock'ry sent;
' Is this the way to make my Heart relent,
' My Lineage, House, and Father to forget,
' And love a Tyrant there's such cause to hate?

29.

' 'Twas for such Vileness in thy Nature found
' My Soul had first Antipathy to thine,
' Besides the Mortal Strifes that did abound,
' And Grudge betwixt thy Nation still, and mine,
' This made my Heart the Marriage-Knot un-
' Which, as 'twas forc'd, thou prov'st by this last
' Did from thy Lust, not noble Love prove pro-

K

' Lust

30.

'Lust of Revenge shall therefore Charm my
 (Mind,
 'And till perform'd, no other Passion sway,
 'My Body nor my Soul no Rest shall find
 'Till they, Oh Monster, thee to Death betray;
 'For Dye thou shalt, though Heaven and Earth
 (gainstay;
 'Let Grandeur, Life and Reputation fall
 'For dear Revenge, I'm fix'd to stake 'em all.

31.

This being resolv'd, — she for *Helmingo*
 (sent,
 Upon whose Trust she knew she might repose;
 And after much endearing Softness spent,
 Commix'd with Sighs and Tears, and Female
 (Throws,
 At last she vents the Secret of her Woes;
 With every Circumstance already said,
 Then gently on his Bosom sunk her Head.

32. Ad-

Adding, whilst round his Neck her Snowy Arms
With Ardent Hug, and Agonious Grasp, were
In whose fair Breast unlacing all her Charms,
Beauty more lovely seem'd, the more undress'd,
That in her Soul she never could have rest
Till she had buried the late Insolence
In the stab'd Heart of that Inhumane Prince.

Yet, not for me alone, — * she thus proceeds,
'Thou Treasure of my Life, but on thy part,
'Left he, accusom'd to such Barbarous Deeds
'Should in some start of Frenzy reach thy Heart,
'By some curs'd Spy inform'd how Lov'd thou
(art ;
'Tis that which to my Sence gives greatest dread,
'And makes me with a Present of his Head.

'For he that mongst the Lords of Lombardy,
'And thronging Nobles had such small regard,

* The Inveiglement of Helmingo by Rosamond, to Kill the King.

'Or to my Beauty, or the Marriage Tie,
 'When he himself alone believ'd prefer'd,
 'When he the dangerous Mistake has heard,
 'Ours Heads, as well as t'other, will Enchase,
 'And in his Cupboard arrogantly place.
 'That in her soul she 35.

'Secure that Life then by one noble Blow
 'Which than my own I value far more dear,
 'Secure my Honour too, which only now
 'By tender Love of thee does soil'd appear,
 'Secure besides, the Crown upon thy Brow,
 'At least be sure of lasting Empire here;
 'My Heart thus nobly won, is only thine,
 'Kill this base King then, and be only mine.

36.

'Noli let the name of Master, or of King,
 'The vigour of thy Resolution sway,
 'Thou only want'st the Style, thou art the thing,
 'Act then thy self, 'tis slavish to obey
 'A Tyrant, who's to his own Vice a Prey,
 'To Sovereign Justice duly should apply,
 'When Madmen Rule, the Subject has no Tye.

37. But

37.
‘But were suppos’d Allegiance yet more strong
‘Than e’er, as due, weak Kingship can pretend,
‘This Article, that he thy Love does wrong,
‘O’er-powers it quite, and does all guilt defend,
‘Love, when resolv’d, knows neither Foe nor
(Friend
‘That dares oppose, from highest Dignity,
‘To the most abject, base, and low degree.

38.
‘If Love then is not by unmanly Fear
‘Driven from thy Heart, or moulder’d to decay,
‘Thy Mistress, or else something yet more near,
‘Thy dearest Friend begs thee not to delay,
‘By Sword, or Drug, or Dagger, any way
‘To kill him, that my Soul at ease may be,
‘And take for thy Reward, the Crown and me.

39.
And here the Purport of her fatal Speech
She ended, with another close Embrace,

Which young *Helmingo's* Sence did so bewitch,
 No Homage now within his Breast had place,
 Her Pleading had such Power, her Eyes such
 (Grace;
 Her Wrongs so fir'd him, and her Charms so won,
 He solt a Kiss, and swore it should be done.

Friend

40.

But weighing wisely, as by Reason taught
 The matchless Vigour of his Master's Arm,
 He told her * that himself alone he thought
 Too weak against such Valour try'd, to Arm,
 And that another in the Plot no Charm
 Was proper, to make sure th' intended Doom,
 That if one mis'd the other should strike

(Chime)
 By sword, or Dagger, any way
 To kill him, that my soul at ease may be.

As for himself, he nought of Life enjoy'd
 Was not at her Command in wrong or right,
 But thought the Fact, he singly being Employ'd,
 Was not so sure as by a doubled Might.

* *Helmingo's* Answer to *Rosamond*,

Which

Which

Which Reason to the Queen seem'd of such
(weight
'Twas soon resolv'd, both studying now to find
A second, proper for the deed design'd.

And knowing that the weight of this Affair
Was only fit for the Resolv'd, and Brave,
Amongst the Courtiers that were crowding there,
And on their Master due Attendance gave,
Bold *Perridor* seem'd most Renown to have;
A Warriour train'd from Childhood till that hour,
And Captain of the Monarchs Guard *du Cor*.

Who had not only in ten rough Campaigns,
The hardy Toils of *Mars* and Battle try'd,
And in the Field of Blood *, with daily Pains,
Court'd the Virgin-Honour, — like a Bride,
But famous was for Pers'nal Strength beside,
Blunt, Honest, Stout, and Loyal to his Prince,
Without the Scap. of Merit, or Offence.

* *Perridor* the most strong and valiant Captain amongst the Lombards,

44.

This Soldier, by *Helmingo*, and the Queen
 Was chosen in the purpos'd Guilt to share,
 Not doubting but they should his Vertue win
 When he the rich Reward design'd, did hear,
 Which was no less than *Albovine's* bright Heir,
 The Lovely *Albiscinda* * for a Wife
 For him depriv'd her Father of his Life.

45.

Nor was it long before the Favorite found
 An hour, the fatal Secret to disclose,
 And with his utmost subtlety, to sound
 The Breast of *Perridor*, --- whose Anger rose
 To such degree at the Attempt propos'd,
 Horrour and Rage his Blood to Choler turns,
 And equally his Heart with Ardour burns,

46.

With fiery Eyes *, and Front of Sanguine hue,
 Ensigns of Wrath, he the young Traytor chid,

* *Albiscinda*, Daughter to *Albovine*. * *Perridor* enrag'd at *Helmingo*.

Believing 'twas his rash Ambition drew
His weak ungovern'd Brain to Plot this Deed,
Then told him, should he one step more proceed,
Or the Queen's Name again to Scandal bring,
His Head should answer'to the Injur'd King.

47.

Adding, that 'twas his Youth, and Boyish years
That Plead'd now, to stop due Punishment,
But Charg'd him to wash off the Guilt with
(Tears,
And from the bottom of his Heart repent,
Then to conclude his Reason's Argument,
A Preachment of the Loyal Bond begins,
Incumbent from a Subject to a Prince.

48.

And that himself, altho' the tempting Bait,
Th' Enjoyment of the Princess was a Charm:
That could Consent in any Soul create,
Whom Beauty's, or Ambition's Power could
(warm,
Yet being the Price of such a baleful Harm,

With

With Hate refus'd, nor could suppose the thing
From any but his own vile Brain could spring;

Then told him, should he not proceed,
Or the Queen's Name again to scandal bring.

And with these Words and a disdainfull Frown,
Leaving the young Delinquent he retir'd,
Whilst he as if a Thunder-Bolt fall'n down
Had stunn'd him with a Blow, almost Expir'd;
Till round at last, he thought the Case requir'd
To give it quick dispatch to the Queen's Ear,
But fill'd with new danger proper for their Fear.

Who well digesting the blunt Answer made
By Perridor, to what they had design'd,
Reflecting too, how easily betray'd
They both might be if he were once Inclined
Since in his Power both their Lives they find
The Thought to torment her 'twixt Fear and
Her Soul no rest enjoy'd by Day nor Night.

Yet being the Price of such a deadly Hate

A Thousand ways contriving in her Brain,
To force this stubborn Warriour to her Will;
Now she resolves, and now desponds again,
Now hopes 'tis done, now doubts her Female skill,
His Soul is Noble, and averse to ill:
Thus long in vain she studdied, till at last
Curst Fate contriv'd t'atone vexations past.

For 'mongst the sportful Females of her Train,
Attending in their severall Offices;
One there was found, whose wanton Heart and
(Brain

More than the rest was set on Am'rous blifs,
And notions of Venereal Happinefs,
Whom *Perridar* did Privately Enjoy,
And oft with her, his noted strength employ.

Which being by some malignant chance reveal'd
To *Rosamond*, indulg'd her Heart with Joy,
For now she thought a Way to make him yeild,
Whom

Whom she resolv'd in Murther to employ
 She soon should find, or soon would else destroy,
 And therefore to her liking form'd * a Plot,
 And then the Damsel to her Closet brought.

Where with kind Smiles and tender Acts of
 (Grace
 She first Carrels'd her to prepare the Way,
 Hinting at distance the delicious Chace
 Of Love's sweet Game, and the Transporting Play
 In which his Victim's pass soft Hours away;
 Then told her as they more familiar grew,
 Th' Intrigue of *Perridon* and her, she knew.

But when perceiving the Vermillion shame
 Glow in her Cheeks, at the Discovery made,
 With an obliging Air she seem'd to blame
 The Conscious Blush, and bid her raise her Head,
 Nor any mark of her displeasure dread,

* The strangely subtle and wicked Plot of Rosamond.

Since

Since she her self, the force of Love had known,
And knew the charming Faults were often done,

Then told her she would further her Amour
With favour'd leave, and opportunity:

And back her 'gainst all Foes with Regal Power,
Provided she would true and faithful be,
And serve her in one Act of Secresy,
Nor should the Deeds reward be only so,
But showr's of Gold into her Lap should flow.

Which last, besides the Glozing Words before
So strongly did the wanton Girl Inspire,
That now upon her Knees she do's Implore,
The Queen t'unfold the Sum of her desire,
Declaring, that there was not need to hire
Her Vassal, whose Life's Service she had won,
In pardoning the Crimes already done.

And therefore beg'd her her Commands to lay
 With Speed, that she her ready Zeal might prove;
 Assuring her, to *Cynthia* not the Sea,
 Nor Plants to th' Sun should e're more Constant
 Prompted by Diligence and dutious Love.
 Whom when the Queen perceiv'd so aptly wrought,
 To try her this a proper Season thought.

So told her to deserve continued Grace,
 And also further an Affair of Weight,
 She must Contrive to put her in her place,
 In Bed to sleep with *Perridor* one Night,
 Not that she sought to rob her of Delight,
 But for a Politick Design of State,
 For which no way so proper was as that.

Which when delivered in an eager Tone,
 Our Young Conductress did at first Surprize;

But

But when she thought one Night would soon be
gone,
And then her Lover should have stronger Tyes,
Besides the Gold that glitter'd in her Eyes.
All Jealous Spots by Profit were wip'd out,
Resolving the next Night to bring't about.

61.

And to that end a Love-Appointment made
With *Perridor*, as oft had been before,
The time too come, * her Royal Mistress led,
Changing herself at a dark Midnight Hour,
To him that waited his late us'd Amour:
Which when perform'd, she softly quits the Room,
Pleas'd with expected Greatness was to come.

62.

Whilst *Rosamond*, whom dire Revenge did blind,
Regarding neither Danger nor the Shame,
But for its Sake, lewdly her self inclin'd
To Prostitution, joyn'd with the odious Name
Of vile Adulteress, to such height did flame.

* *Rosamond* is brought by her Woman to *Perridor*'s Bed.

144 . *The Queen of Lombardy.*

Her Rage, Legend'ring, was a subtle Plot
More Impious, ne'er had Birth from Female
(Thought.

63
Into the Bed, her Robe thrown off, she slips,
And yields her Luscious Beauties to his Arms,
Granting all Freedom of Breast, Eyes and Lips,
Which he with hot and furious Kisses storms,
Lost in the Deluge of Transporting Charms.
When tho' he fancied something strangely new,
He could not doubt 'em to his Mistress due.

64
Never had Soldier for the Toyle and Care
Long felt in Fields of Hazzard, better Pay:
He calls her Goddess, Heavenly, Charming Dear,
And all a Lover tenderly can say,
When he lyes brooding on his purchas'd Prey.
Till she, who now thought fit to change the
(Scene,
Told him with Accent loud, she was his Queen.

65. Then,

65.

Then, as a young Adventurer, who on board
Some well-rigg'd Ship has stow'd his darling Ore,
The smiling Sea, seeming to bless his Hoord,
Is daily Joy'd with Hopes to see the Shore;
The Sailors Sing, No blust'ring Storms do roar.
Sweet pleasing Views around do feast his Eyes,
In gawdy Prospect from remoted Skies.

66.

Till on a suddain dash't against some Rock,
Unseen below, a dreadful Sound he hears,
Perceives the fatal Danger of the Shock,
Whilst Terror in a ghastly Shape appears,
And all his former Joy now turns to Fears.
So frighted *Perridor*, half murder'd lies,
New Thunder struck by that Ear-wounding Voice,

67.

Th' amazing Chance that so unthought of fell,
He cannot fathom with his Reasons Art.
The Nature knows, but 'cause he cannot tell,

L

Pain

Fain he would leave her--- yet is loth to part
 The Joys new reap'd, still tingle at his Heart,
 When she resolves to throw off all Disguise,
 And free him from his Lab'rinth of Surprise.

68.

' She tells him * 'twas her Plot to make him hers
 ' In th' Message lately by *Helmingo* sent,
 ' And that she cannot well succeed, --- infers,
 ' Unless his Force and Valour Crown th' Event,
 ' And tho' the Nature of the Punishment
 ' Seem'd Cruel,--- yet her Injury was more,
 ' Repeating the base Wrong you heard before.

69.

Then added thus, ' Nor think thou to Evade
 ' My Will, by customary dull Excuse,
 ' Of ties of Duty, or Allegiance weigh'd,
 ' But on my Beauty look, and my Abuse,
 ' My Wit too, that now has thee in my Noose;

* Rosamond's Speech to Perridor.

‘Two things I therefore fairly offer thee,
‘Take then thy choice, and Fate Director be.

70.

‘Whether denying thou wilt stand the Brunt
‘Of the Revenge my slighted Grace shall bring,
‘When I shall give a horrible Account
‘Of this thy present Treason to the King,
‘And as he’ll ne’er believe I sought the thing,
‘My Sighs and Tears shall soon engage his
(Breast,
‘And thou in sharpest Torments Groan thy last.

71.

‘Or whether in obeying my Command,
‘And quenching the hot Flame that burns my
(Heart,
‘Thou wilt for ever fix me for thy Friend,
‘And in my Love and Wealth deserve a Part,
‘Both which are ready to reward Desert;
‘My Fortune, which thou know’st, is not the
(least,
‘And Love, of which I now have given a Taste.

L 2

72. Be-

' Besides, to make more Royal the Reward,
 ' The Princess *Abiscinda* for thy Bride;
 ' Now of these two, in different Kinds prepar'd,
 ' The best sure will be easie to decide,
 ' Choose then that best, and for thy self pro-
 (vide,
 ' Since certain Ruin waits upon thy Noe,
 ' But Joy and Wealth, if thou dar'st strike the
 (Blow.

73.

' Methinks I feel thy beating Heart consent,
 ' And bustle forward in this noble Cause,
 ' Arming thy Spirits with a brave Intent
 ' To right my wrongs, --- and here with silent
 (Pause,
 ' She breath'd a Sigh, and to him nearer draws,
 ' Circling him round her Snowy Arms she
 (Twines,
 The Breast to Breast, and Lips to his she joins.

74. *Oh*

74.

Oh Vertue, in thy best Condition, weak,
 What Safety gives thy boasted Buckler now,
 Each Kiss subdues him more than did she speak,
 He would be honest, but he knows not how,
 Honour by Fate betray'd, to Love must bow;
 The Danger he could stem, and count it small,
 But 'gainst such Beauty had no Fence at all.

75.

Forgot was now that Faith and Loyalty
 He to his Master did from Childhood own,
 And lost that Honour which was wont to be
 The Soldier's Lamp to kindle his Renown,
 One Woman's Charms ---- did all past Glory
 (drown,
 Vertue gives Ground, and can make no De-
 (fence,
 Entirely Conquer'd by Luxurious Sense.

76.

Nor needs she now her Glozing Arts and
 (Charms
 Disperse, his Resolution to Ensnare

L 3

He

He falls himself the Magick in her Arms,
 And the Rewards propos'd, his Strength o'er-
 (bear,
 So far Inchant'd *, --- he dares boldly Swear
 For wronging her by such a barb'rous Deed,
 Not him alone, but all the Race should Bleed.

77.

Then to confirm himself her faithful Slave,
 Promis'd within two Days, the Tyrant's Head,
 And Soul and Body so entirely gave,
 He bade her think her Enemy was Dead,
 So sure it was, since he the word had said,
 Which willing Grant so much exalts her Joy,
 She thinks she can't enough her Love employ.

78.

With new Caresses therefore Thanks repays,
 And now the Dawn from *East* began t' appear,
 When from the guilty Bed themselves they raise,

* Perridor gives his Consent to Rosamond.

And better to conclude the curs'd Affair,
Sent for *Helmingo* to be present there,
Who Joyful seem'd to find the Soldier gain'd,
Tho' Ignorant by what Device obtain'd.

79.

And now there wanted only Time and Place
To bring the dreadful Execution on,
Which Plotted, they resolv'd no longer Space
For its Delay than the next Afternoon,
Fixing the Hour the Murder should be done;
When *Albovine* in her Apartment chose,
As was his wonted use, an Hour's Repose.

80.

Swift flew the Hours, as if Confederate Time
Delighted in the Mischief to have share,
And now the Regicides to Act the Crime,
About the fatal manner Plotting were,
With ready Hands to do, and Hearts to dare,
Both near the Chamber, in a Closet hid,
Waiting the Minute to perform the Deed.

L 4

81. Which

81.

Which now with guilty Speed was come at
 (last
 For *Albovine*, at his accustom'd Hour,
 After Regaling with his Noon's Repast,
 His Steps directed to the fatal Bower,
 The Grave that open'd ready to devour,
 Thither proceeds, and at his Entrance in,
 With tender Love-Caresses, Courts the Queen,

82.

But she pretending to be Indispos'd,
Which artful Women, when they please, can feign,
 Excuses made, and left the Act disclos'd
 Might chance to be by any of the Train,
 She soon dispers'd 'em, letting none remain
 But the vile Pair,—who drawing each his Sword,
 Now storm th' Alcove, and wake their Slum-
 (b'ring Lord,

83.

Who at that Instant had in Vision seen
 A frightful Draught of his approaching Fate,
 He

He dreamt, the Murder'd Father of his Queen
Headless and Bloody at his Side did wait,
And with his Arms fierce Motion seem'd to
(Threat,
And pluck from Shoulders that which then he
(wore,
To use it just as his was us'd before.

84.

Which horrid Figure piercing to the Heart,
Breaking his Slumber, gave him Sense to view
A real solid Object which in part
Seem'd to confirm the Bloody Vision true,
Only that for one Headsman here were two,
With ghastly Air, and Butchers Hands uprear'd,
To put in Act what in his Dream appear'd,

85.

Rouzing his Sense, and clearing up his Sight,
He hopes to prove it for a Vision still,
But soon was undeceiv'd by doubled Fight,
These Phantoms came not to Portend, but Kill;
Yet having Valour prompted to his Will,

He

He snatch'd his Sword lay by,--- but ah -- in vain,
Nothing but Hilt and Scabbard did remain.

86.

For *Rosamond*, well knowing his strong Arm
Contriv'd before, that it should useles be,
For want of which, the Blood now gushing
(warm,
Caus'd by *Helmingo's* Stabs, * and Cruelty,
Like Fountains spouting Gore appear'd to be,
When in the hurry of his wild despair,
For his defence at last he seiz'd a Chair.

87.

Ah, base-born Coward, he was heard to cry,
For all my Care and Bounty, is this due?
Then rushing forward, with a heedful Eye,
Parrying the Traytors Thrusts,--- him backwatd
(threw,
When *Perridor*, that to his Rescue flew,
And strongly on the Conq'ring Monarch press'd,
With deadly Weapon gor'd him through the
(Breast,

* The Murther of Albovine. vid. P. Diac.

88.

Who sinking downward with a dying Groan,
Chanc'd upon *Perridor* to cast a look,
Who in the scuffle yet he had not known,
Which sight stab'd deeper than the mortal Stroke,
To whom he thus, as once great *Julius* spoke,
Oh thou, that by my Heart wer't us'd so well,
What Cause has it e'er giv'n— thus to rebel?

89.

The kindest Master, and the truest Friend
E'er liv'd, by this base Action thou hast lost,
Thou once had'st Honour, ah what Cursed Feind
Could then Inspire thee? Which Word scarce was
(past,
And usher'd with it the departing Ghost,
When the Queen Entred, full of Envious Joy,
To find Revenge did with her Wish comply.

90.

Unmov'd she saw where now Extended lay
Bloody and Cold the greatest Man at Arms
That e'er in *Italy* bore Martial Sway,

Or

Or Lands adjacent train'd to fierce Alarms,
 Whose Natives to Subjection brought in Swarms,
 And now enfranchis'd by this barb'rous Queen,
 Encourag'd Factions to make Head again.

91.

But publique matters are not worth her Care,
 Her Head's employ'd this Murther to divert
 And to reward Accomplices that were
 Lately so diligent to Act their Part,
 First then she Counterfeits strange grief of Heart,
 Then gives it out as a most dreadful thing,
 That some hir'd Ruffian Slave had kill'd the King.

92.

Or that for his late Victories atchiev'd,
 Some Enemy disguis'd had done the Deed;
 And tho' this slender Plot but few believ'd,
 It serv'd her yet at present to proceed
 And blind the Nobles from the real Deed,
 Till being soon after with *Helmingo* Match'd,
 The Viper large appear'd, now only hatch'd.

93. For

93.

For She her former Promise to Compleat,
Gave her self up, * to be that Fav'rites Bride;
But for Apostate *Perridor*, to get
The bright young Princess, tho' she often try'd;
Yet spite of Power, as often was deny'd
The Royal Virgin by her Reason led,
Knowing the Queen false to her Father's Bed.

94.

Besides her doubt that his so suddain Fate
Was the Effect of their dire Treason's guilt,
Bred in her Soule strong and deadly hate,
And he, she thought her Father's Blood had spilt,
With Love Essay'd in vain her Heart to melt,
In whom the Quintessence of Vertue lies,
Fair in perfection, Pious, Just and Wise.

95.

Here then we must his hopeless Passion leave,
To Treat of wond'rous Matters in their turn,
And shew how much the Lombard Nobles grieve

* Rosamond Marries Helmingo.

For

For *Albovine's* late loss, besides they burn
 In wrath to think that the wild Queen in scorn
 Of them, and Honour, should her self Ingage
 To make their Master of a Base born Page.

96.

Soft Murmurs soon spread to loud Mutinies;
 The great ones vow this Scandal to reject,
 Besides the Murder of their King yet lies
 Too heavy on their Spirits to neglect,
 They want his Arm the Kingdom to Protect,
 For now the *Romans*, though late driven to
 (Holes,
 Their Conqu'ror dead march out to Arms in
 (Shoals.

97.

Surly Remonstrances Petition-way
 They send, which if deny'd, they threaten force,
 That *Perridor*, and vile *Helmingo* may
 No longer shelter'd be within her Doors,
 But left to Justice, and to Legal Powers,
 Or that they both, instead of Government
 Be sent to Death, at least, to Banishment.

98. Which

98.

Which rough Injunction when the Queen had
(read,
And knew their Forces ready were to Act,
Recourse has straight to her contriving Head,
Then made her Fav'rites privy to the Fact,
Shews 'em the Quick-Sand where they would be
(wreck'd,
And by Tumultuous Rage unpitied die,
Unless with her they both resolve to fly.

99.

This Counsel, which Orac'lous they confess
For Wisdom, soon oblig'd 'em to obey,
When straight she writes a Passionate Express,
And to * *Longinus* sends without Delay,
Who at *Ravenna*, did like *Cæsar* Sway,
An Earnest Suit, to send a Bark by Night,
To free her from her Peoples Rage and Spite.

100.

Longinus, tho' to *Albovine* a Foe,
Who chas'd him o'er the Plains of *Italy*,

* Lieutenant to Cæsar, and Governour of *Ravenna*.

Was

Was yet well pleas'd that Fortune meant to throw,
 Into his Power this Royal Refugee,
 Therefore to shew his dutious Amity,
 For *Lombardy* a Vessel soon prepar'd,
 And sent to fetch her off from those she fear'd.

101.

Which to her Wish arriv'd one Gloomy Night,
 Having before for the Design made way,
 Her Treasure all Pack'd up, and Jewels bright,
 That late had been the Conqu'ring Monarch's
 (Prey,

She, with her Bloody Fav'rites, puts to Sea,
 Forcing fair *Abiscinda* too to Sail,
 Opposing which, nor Sighs nor Tears prevail.

102.

And aptly favour'd * by the Wind and Tide,
 Quickly to fam'd *Ravenna's* Walls they get,
 Where they with Pompous and Triumphant Pride
 Were at their Entrance by *Longinus* met,
 And now the *Lombard* Nobles Rage and Fret;

* *Resamond's* Flight with *Perridor* and *Helmingo*, to *Ravenna*.

Helmingo and the Queen in Luxury,
In Revels Reign, and Factions Powers defie.

103.

But wav'ring Fortune on her Rowling Ball
Long in one Posture ne'er was known to stand,
For Proud *Longinus* thinks his Courage small,
If having the Fair Queen at his Command,
He dares not push his Luck to kiss her Hand,
And tell her of a Plot, which for her Fame
He had design'd from the first Hour she came.

104.

For he Invested with Imperial Trust,
Justinian being Souless, dull, and weak,
Soon forfeited the name of Good and Just,
And by Ambition, Duty's Fence did break,
Now favour'd too, does fresh Occasion seek
To Influence the Queen,— whose willing Ear
He found was well enough inclin'd to hear.

105.

Selecting therefore one propitious Hour,
When King *Helmingo* to the Chace was gone,
M When

When she reflecting on the ancient Power
Of Lombard Greatness, and their Glory won,
Seem'd as she blam'd the Rashness had been
(done ;

He told her * still 'twas in her Beauty's Power,
To grace a Throne more Splendid than before.]

106.

That he was Destin'd only to adore
Her, as a Goddess Fate had timely brought,
And tho' the Title of an Emperor
Was in *Justinian*,--- That, he reckon'd nought,
The Ruling Power to own her should be taught,
Before her Feet their Trophies all lay down,
And mount her high as the Imperial Crown.

107.

Adding besides, that in her *Lombardy*
There never could be hopes to fix again,
Whilst she debasing thus her Dignity,
Consorts with the most Infamous of Men,
A Page, a Wretch, one that had also been

* Longinus Courts Rosamond.

Now lately tainted with so vile a thing
As Murd'ring of his Master, the late King.

108.

But if she had the Courage to dispose
To Death, this Scandal to her Royal Bed,
By some prevailing, and well-order'd Dole,
And after deign to grace him in his stead,
She should be Mistress of *Ravenna* made;
Fam'd *Italy* be Subject to her Will,
And *Lombardy's* proud States for Pardon Kneel.

109.

With Flatt'ring Glory, thus he Charms her
(Ear,
Whilst every word sunk deep into her Breast,
For now grown weary of the common Cheer
Her Husband gave, she thought a better Feast
For her Delight, in this young *Greek* to taste,
Besides the Style of Empress did controul,
And Sovereign of *Ravenna* Charm'd her Soul.

M 2

110. But

Richardson's edition of the Poem

2A

But what most prompted her Resolve to part,
 Was, that *Helmingo* was of *Lombard Race*,
 For still she bore an *Odium* in her Heart,
 Which all that kind, would by *Revenge* deface,
 And him, amongst the rest, to *Death* must chase,
 And tho' she had excus'd him in her need,
 Grown useless now, * resolv'd she would pro-
 ceed.

Here let that Learn'd *Philosopher* relate
 (If there be one in *Woman* so well Read,
 And *Nat'ral Causes* of *Revenge* and *Hate*)
 Why *Mischiefs*, *Ills* grow in a *Female Head*
 Deeper than ever in the *Male* were bred;
 Why this should be, let him resolve who can,
 And prove himself to be the wisest *Man*.

Yet certain 'tis, that they much stronger are
 In *Females*, when enrag'd, than in the *Male*,

* *Rolamond* consents to Poyson *Helmingo*.

As plainly did in *Rosamond* appear,
Confirm'd too by the Sequel of my Tale,
For she's not yet contented to prevail,
Nor Eas'd, though Viper-like, to Death she
(things,
The greatest amongst all *Barbarian* Kings.

Her second Husband must be made away
By her Luxurious Will, to take a third;
Perhaps to prove which best in Am'rous Play,
Th' *Italian*, or the *Greek* should be Preferr'd,
And he remov'd, another's Cause be heard;
As once in *Naples*, that Majestick Whore
Of famous Memory, had done before.

Bloody Revenge to Bloodier Lust gives way,
And wild Ambition's guilty Joys, more dear
She lets unbounded Inclination Iway
Without regard to Justice, Shame, or Fear,
But now 'tis time to stop her hot Carrier,

Left the Fair Sex declare --- I Vertue wrong,
To let this Impious Monster Reign so long.

Who soon a mortal Bev'rage had prepar'd,
Which as a Cordial fam'd for Sov'reign Might,
When she her Husband to complain had heard
Of Stomach-Ills, she gave to set him right,
Compos'd of *Hellebore* and *Aconite*,
So strangely mingled, and so full of Death,
The Wretch had scarce a Minute left for Breath,

Who heedless, eagerly had drunk up half
E'er yet he could the Tort'ring Venom find,
But felt before the dire Remains were off
His Racking Entrails, * Pangs Infernal, grind,
She standing by, with Look demurely kind,
When grasping the bright Goblet held the rest,
His Poniard drawn, he thus himself express'd,

* Rosamond Poysons Helmingo.

Oh

117.

Oh most abhorr'd, * and vilest of that kind
That *Pluto* first for Man's Destruction train'd,
Is it then certain, that no Power can bind
A Woman's Soul, whom Vice has throughly
(gain'd,
And Lust, or Mischievous Ambition stain'd,
I find it is, and now too lately grieve
For trusting what so basely does deceive.

118.

Was't not enough, that thou hadst soil'd my
(Soul
With the rich Purple of my Master's Blood,
But with new speedy Fate here in this Bowl
Must dam it too with an Envenom'd Flood,
That Soul that priz'd thee beyond Earthly good,
And if it feels the sharpest Pangs of Hell,
Deserves 'em most for loving thee so well.

* Helmingo's Dying Speech to Rosamond.

M 4

119. For

119.

For thee I Vertue did, and Fame forego;
 For thee, degenerate Traytor turn'd, and base;
 For thee, was to my Native Land a Foe,
 Charm'd by the Power of thy Berwitching
 (Face,
 So much of Love I had, so little Grace;
 Beauty, my Heart did so entirely win,
 Murder, if done for thee, I thought no Sin.

120.

And for my faithful Service, Ah Ingrate,
 Is this at last a Wife-like Recompence
 But by the World's great Ruler, awful Fate,
 I swear thou shalt not glory in th' Offence,
 Nor boast hereafter of thy matchless Sins,
 But share in the same Death the Bowl contains,
 And feel the Flame that cracks my burning
 (Veins,

121.

A Judgment just for the unpardon'd Crime,
 Committed by us on the Valiant King,

For

For which Eternal Vengeance sorts a fine,
Thus on all Traytors a due Curse to bring,
And thou first Cauſer of that Dreadful thing,
Deſerv'ſt a double Hell, if Hell there be,
One for thy firſt dear Lord, and one for me.

122.

And thou, great *Albovine*, whom full of Bread,
And unprepar'd by our accuſed Hands,
Wert driv'n from Life to ruſh amongſt the Dead,
Without one Penitent Tear to quench the Brands,
Which purge the Sins that clog the Infernal
(Strands,
Accept Atonement from thy ſorrowing Slave,
Our two vile Deaths--- for one that thee we gave.

123.

Take Murd'rous Traiteurs then, * (with fiery
(Eyes,
And Blaſting Breath) the fatal Bowl, he cry'd,
The Cordial, which for my Infirmities
Thou late ſo Conjugally did'ſt provide,
Take with a Guſto down, — or this ſhall guide

* Helmingo Poiſons Roſamond.

My Rage to thy curs'd Heart, — then rais'd his
 (Hand,
 And o'er her did with glitt'ring Poniard stand.

124.

When she, who found all Female Shifts now
 (vain,
 And that she in the Snare she made, was
 (caught,
 Without the least Reluctancy, or Frown,
 Her Hand extending, took the deadly Draught,
 Then drank it boldly, as a thing of nought,
 Resolv'd, howe'er the Poyson inward kills,
 No outward Sign should shew the Pangs she
 (feels,

125.

'Tis done, she cry'd, * and since 'tis what I
 (Love,
 I'm pleas'd that my Revenge return'd on me,
 Disdaining since I once had Power to move
 Machines of so great Weight and Policy
 To be at last so poorly balk'd by thee;

* Rosamond's last Speech.

For

For failing then in this, my self I kill,
Let the hereafter Doubt prove what it will.

126.

This Gust forc'd out, the Body breathless fell,
A gasty sight, extended on the Floor,
Helmingo too *, his rueful Wrongs can tell,
Nor story of his Faithless Spouse no more,
Death stop'd the Organ that late made him roar;
And thus, whilst in this Scene of Fate they lay,
Longinus comes, -- and views the Tragick Play.

127.

Who seeing by the Death of *Rosamond*
All hopes of his design'd Ambition lost,
Resolves to make the Emperor his Friend,
And Loyal turn, before his hopes be cross'd,
He therefore sends surprizing Tidings Post,
With *Albiscinda*, whom he Pris'ner found,
And *Perridor*, whom in strong Chains he bound.

* The Death of *Rosamond* and *Helmingo*.

128.

Giving his Master an account of all
 That in the late sad turn of Fate was done,
 Who, when— (what did did to *Albovine* be-
 (fal
 He heard) and *Perridor's* vile Deed was known,
 To lose his Eyes *, the Murther to atone
 Decreed him straight, a Pris'ner too for Life
 But *Abiscinda* * gave his Son to Wife,

129.

The Prince *Tiberias*, wife, and well dispos'd,
 A Charming Pair that happy liv'd and long,
 Which Match, and the late Tragick Deaths dis-
 clos'd,
 In *Lombardy* rejoyc'd both old and young,
 And in this Joy 'tis fit I end my Song,
 Having with Patience, and some Labour Penn'd
 A Story of the worst of Woman-kind.

* *Perridor's* Eyes put out: vid. *Paul Dlac.* lib. 2. ch. 16.

* *Abiscinda* Married to *Tiberius*.

130.

Yet, not without a Moral grac'd, which shews
The noted Vengeance Heaven on Traitors sends,
And the dire Punishment of Fate on those
Whose Wedded Love in Murd'rous Rancour
(ends,
Perverting quite what Providence intends,
Whose Will ordains true Blifs they only prove,
Are firm in Loyalty, and firm in Love.

THE

Yet not without a Moral good, which flows
The noted Vengeance Heaven on Traitors sends,
And the dire Punishment of Fate on those
Whole Wedded Love in Murders Rancour
(ends)

Perceiving quite what Providence intends,
Whom Will ordains true this they only prove,
Are firm in Loyalty and firm in Love.

THE

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Night-Adventures:

OR A

Country Intrigue.

The Second Comick Tale.

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The Night-Adventures :

OR A

COUNTRY INTRIGUE.

TO *Arno's* Banks, whose Pleasant Course
 By *Florence* glides with pleasing Force,
 The Sky Serene, one Evening-Tide
 Two Neighbouring Friends their Steps did guide;
 Of equal Worth, and Wealth possess'd,
 And shar'd alike each others Breast;
 The one *Pannathio* call'd, whose Form
 The coyest Virgins Heart might Charm,
 Of Stature tall, and briskly gay,
 Sanguine, and built for Am'rous Play,
 Complexion'd too, a lovely Brown,
 Which still the best the Sages own;

N

Strengthen'd

Strengthen'd besides with Youthful Heat,
 All Love-Adventures to compleat :
 The other *Adriano* nam'd,
 For Manly Acts, and Courage fam'd ;
 As much to Martial Feats inclin'd
 As to Venereal Sports his Friend,
 Yet slighted not the roving Boy,
 When opportunely fell the Joy,
 But wisely us'd each am'rous Stealth,
 As Men Breathe Veins to keep their Health.

It chanc'd as thus they walk'd along,
 Delighted with the chirping Song
 Of pretty Birds, that Perch'd on Sprays
 Were warbling out Melodious Lays,
 Whilst murmuring Streams that trickling fall,
 In Confort Purl'd a Madrigal,
 That *Adrian*, a doleful Sigh
 Heard from his Friend *Pannuchio* fly,
 Which, with the Cloud upon his Face
 That quite Eclips'd his wonted Grace,
 Some Poignant Discontent express'd
 That vex'd the Inmate of his Breast,

And

And since he Friendship did avow,
Pretending 'twas his Right to know,
Desir'd the open Truth he'd tell,
And if his Aid the Grief could quell,
Affirm'd, the World's best Amity
Ne'er shew'd a truer Friend than he.

Pannuchio, with a close Embrace,
To his kind Friend did Thanks address,
And told him, since his curious Eye
His Inward Grievs so well could spy,
He would no longer hide his Smart
From one so nearly shar'd his Heart,
But own what did his Sorrows breed
Did from unlucky Love proceed,
A Passion which he knew his Breast
Superiour own'd above the rest;
Then, on a Rock that jetting stood
Upon the Margent of the Flood,
Shaded by Trees from Summer Heat,
Finding conveniently a Seat,
Whilst Zephire's Breezes gently fan,
He thus his Amorous Tale began.

* Our City with a Pestilence
 You know, dear Friend, some few Years since,
 To such degree Infected was,
 That Thousands left their Native Place
 To shun the Danger threat'ning there
 From Mortal Blasts of Fatal Air;
 Amongst the rest, our Family
 Remov'd, for more Security,
 Which yet so large and numerous were,
 No House-room left for me was there,
 For still my Mother's tender Care
 Was such, tho' cautiously she sought,
 Scarce any Harbour proper thought,
 Though search'd had been the Country round,
 Till she at last one Cottage found.

Near the wide Champion of *Mugnone*,
 Homely, un-neighbour'd, and alone
 On a small rising Hill it stood,
 Well shelter'd by a Verdant Wood,

* Fannuchio's Tale of Nicoletta.

Which

Which the rough Northern Borels quell'd;
 Whilst t'other side fresh Breezes yield;
 Here was I plac'd, my Tutor too,
 Who taught me Science to pursue,
 And how Indulging A sublime,
 With gain to spend the Idle time.

But Love, that in my Breast had Rule
 More Potent than th' Instructive School,
 Did soon Morality controul,
 Whilst Powerful Beauty charm'd my Soul;
 Mine Host, home-spun, and rural bred,
 Who on his Daily Labour fed,
 By fatning Herds, and dressing Vines,
 Whence, after flow'd delicious Wines,
 With comely Spouse, whose equal gain'd beyond
 Had thriving Competence obtain'd;
 And more to bless Industrious Care,
 A Daughter born so charming Fair,
 As if Heav'n form'd her so Compleat
 In Scorn of the Insulting Great,

The mingl'd Lily, and the Rose,
 Which Poets in their Verse Compose,

When thy bright Beauty would compare
 To something naturally rare,
 Express'd the sweetness of her Face
 No more than Tapers *Sol's* bright Rays,
 Or Blossoms that Fruit *Trees* adorn,
 The crimson Blushes of the Morn;
 A large full Eye, divinely sweet,
 Long-finger'd Hands, and little Feet,
 Straight as tall Pines on Mounts that grow,
 Her Hips a Graceful Plumpness show,
 Taper proportion'd Limbs below,
 With Skin as white as driv'n Snow,
 And tho' her Years but fourteen told,
 Her Wit such Wonders could unfold,
 That Nature seem'd to get the start
 Beyond the swiftest flight of Art,
 Or that lone Groves and Barren Downs,
 A better Genius bred than Towns.

'Twas this fair Treatise oft I read,
 With Loves Philosophy my Head
 Was daily fill'd, much more than that
 My Grave, Pedantick Tutor taught,

Yet

Yet Innocent from any Act,
No Season ripe, nor we for Fact;
For though each felt an equal Flame,
Th' Impertinence of simple Shame
Balk'd me as much to tell my want,
As she, if I had told, to grant;
But, time and opportunity
Had made th' Intrigue more Perfect be;
No doubt, had Fate not interpos'd,
And busie Law my Hours Ingross'd,
For now the Plague being much allay'd,
My Father also lately Dead,
The Town exacted my Return
To settle Lands as well as Mourn,
And like an Heir Indulge Delight,
Enjoying my Paternal Right,

*But what are all the Joys below,
If Love gives not his Blessing too?
The fertil Acre yields the Grain,
Producing Autumn Stores in vain;
In vain large Clusters grace the Vine,
Love's Fire is more Inflam'd by Wine,*

And useleſs too, the Golden Joy,
That with Rich Cares can th' Body cloy,
And not the long'd-for Beauty Buy,
Whoſe Sweets by Love and Nature dress'd
Gives Soul and Body to a Feaſt,
And in my Breſt had more Command
Than all my Father's Gold, and Land;
Which made me, ſome few Days being o'er,
My Rural Nymph a-new Adore,
Whom ſoon my Heart a-freſh purſues
With ſoft, alluring *Billet doux*,
Secretly given, as I deſir'd,
By an old Servant I had hir'd,
Who often brought a kind return,
Which ſhew'd, our Flames did equal burn,
And only wanted a kind Hour
To put the Bleſſing in my Power;
The thought of which, beſides the Fear
To loſe her, if beſtow'd elſewhere,
As late to encrease my Diſcontent,
I heard was by the Parents meant;
Oft Clouded has my Hope's bright Dawn,
And Sighs from Melancholy drawn,

Which

Which now even to a Tempest rise,
Rais'd by a scowl which blasts my Eyes,
Last Night sent by the weeping Fair
The Purport, Horrour and Despair,
To tell me that in three Days space
She must to th' Conjugal Embrace
Of a dull Clod subjected be,
And ever lose all hopes of me;
This News that all my Joys has foil'd,
More black than ever Paper foil'd;
As they, dear Friend, like Fate appear
With Mortal Stabbings, --- You shall hear.

Nicoletta's Billet to Pannuchio.

Poor Nicoletta trembling sends
This Farewel to her best of Friends,
Who, when three Days are gone, must part
With all that's hers, --- except her Heart,
For that does like a Shade pursue,
And in all motions wait on you,
You've often vow'd, the Body too

Was worth your Sight; Ah, — if it were,
 Methinks the Journey's not so far;
 Oh Heaven! I make the Paper Red
 With Blushes that my Cheeks o'er-spread,
 But they'll grow Paler when I'm Dead;
 For, Death is now my hope'd for Joy,
 You guide alone my Destiny,
 And if I see you not, — I Die,
 If then you wish me to survive,
 Let Love Instruct you — to Contrive.

Was ever any thing so tender,
 No Answer is enough to send her;
 Nor can my Soul e'er rest in Peace
 If it from hers, Despair not frees;
 'Tis thought of this that damps my Joys,
 And the true Cause of all the Sighs
 You have so often heard of late,
 Is how to prove I'm no Ingrate;
 For I resolve to go — but how
 Dame Fortune will her Favour shew,
 How I shall th' Injury redress,
 Supplant dull Spouse, and get his Place
 Is somewhat doubtful, I confess.

And

And here his Tale the Lover ends,
When *Adrian*, who 'mongst all his Friends
Pannuchio priz'd with most Regard,
A Drug of kind Advice prepar'd
T' assuage the Pain he found him in,
And chase off Melancholy Spleen.

He told him, weighing well the Case,
He could not his Design suppress;
The Girl being wrong'd by Treatment course,
And to be Dol'd away by Force,
A Tyrant Custom Parents use,
The unhappy Off-spring to abuse,
Who Curs'd for Life, and most forlorn,
Oft wish they never had been Born;
And therefore a de-virgination
Was Justice upon this Occasion,
Hearts being pair'd for long time gone,
Which Clod-pate Husband could not own,
He too a Man of Honour known,
Oblig'd to take peculiar Care
To keep her Reputation fair;
Adding, Tho' Glory's fam'd Alarms
Would give him soon a Call to Arms;

Yet

Yet to oblige a Friend so true,
 Of coming Hours he'd waste a few
 To share in the Adventure too,
 And be a kind Assistant there,
 'Gainst any Danger should appear;
 Pannuchio, with a new Embrace,
 New Thanks return'd, whilst o'er his Face
 The mounting Tincture flush'd with Joy,
 In Rosie hue, and in each Eye
 A bright Contentment shone,— yet wav'd
 The thing, and Modest Pardon crav'd;
 But no Excuse would t'other move,
 He vow'd to aid him in his Love,
 Which would admit of no delay,
 So that at last agreed, -- the way
 Was Plotted, and the Time --- next Day.

A Journey from Romania feign'd
 Was now to be the subtle Blind
 To hood-wink the dull Parents Eyes,
 And from their Sence the Truth disguise;
 When soon the Morrow being come,
 And Noon-tide o'er, they ride from home,

And

And tho' *Mugnone* in distance was
But few Leagues from their Dwelling-place,
Yet they, as if they came from far,
To dirt and daub themselves, took care,
And dash each other o'er with Mire
To make more facile the Desire
Pannuchio had to be receiv'd
Like one in great Distress believ'd,
A poor benighted Traveller,
At the small Cottage of his Dear.

When *Phæbus* therefore was withdrawn,
And into *Neptune's* Parlour gone,
To take his Evening's Draught in Brine
Cœlestial, far excelling Wine,
And Night had drawn her Sable Veil,
That he in Private might Regale;
The two kind Friends approach'd the Gate
Which they found shut, for tho' not late
Th' Industrious Carle to rest was gone,
As one that soon as Early dawn
Oblig'd the World, Employ'd must be
About his wonted Husbandry,

Who

Who by their knocking being uprear'd,
 Tho' he and Spouse from Casement heard
 Pannuchio's Voice, and Tale so fair
 How he Implor'd a Shelter there,
 Hindred by Night from riding on,
 Had rudely bade 'em both begone,
 Had not the Woman's kinder Breast
 More tenderly made Interest,
 Telling him 'twas the fine young Man,
 Lodg'd there so long some time ago;
 And reck'ning past obligations o'er,
 Bade him for shame, go ope the Door,
 Whilst she---now in her Smock---got Drest,
 And rous'd her Daughter from her Nest.

These Words soon spread his Eyes abroad,
 And clear'd the Senses of the Clod,
 Especially gain reckon'd o'er,
 That had been past, and hopes of more,
 For now he thumping on the Floor,
 Breeches slips on with speedy sleight,
 Then tells 'em, he'll go strike a Light,
 And presently their wants relieve
 With the best Welcome he can give;

But

The Second Cornick Tale.

191

But who can e'er express by Art
The Joy fill'd Nicoletta's Heart,
When she had found her Lover true,
So right had spelt her Billet doux.

Whoe'er has seen, at least to mind,
A Creature of the Spaniel kind,
When his lov'd Master, who has been
For some time absent, enters in,
Leap, Skip, and Wriggle,—bound up high,
Run, throw down all things in his way,
And shew such wild, unruly Joy,
As if by some mad Fiend possess'd,
Or Quicksilver had fill'd his Breast.
So with our love-sick Girl it fares
When kind Pannuchio's Voice she hears,
She starts from Bed, spins round the House,
Not knowing any thing she does;
Puts Coats on wrong, through wild amaze,
And Lily Leg thrusts through her Stays;
Drops in her haste, when up she got,
Green Stockings in the Chamber-Pot,
Where she did Virgin-Amber make,
A Sovereign Cure for Teeth that ake;

But

But how this Rapture was Improv'd
When he who with such zeal she lov'd,
And now her Heart un-rivall'd keeps,
Next to her Mother's prest her Lips,
As upon Entrance custom is,
I leave for all fond Hearts to guess.

Her's did so beat, that round the Room
It founded like a Pendulum,
And if her Father this surprize
Had not reliev'd with Whats---- and Whys?
And twenty simple Questions more,
About their coming that late Hour;
The poor stunn'd Girl--- as Faith 'twas nigh,
Had fall'n into a Swound for Joy.

Mean while mine Host, Brush-wood laid on
Which kindled, soon to flame began;
Then brought 'em each a Wooden Seat,
Whilst the good Wife who thought to get
Some warm thing ready straight to Eat,
Was mingling Eggs, and Milk, and Flower,
Then told 'em tho' such Cates were poor,

Such only as the rural Fields,
And barren, Desert Country yields,
Yet still with something to be fed;
Was wholesome e'er they went to Bed;
And that a hearty Welcome should
Atone for courseness of the Food.

But young *Pannuchio*, whose full Head
Was more upon his Lovely Maid,
Begg'd with his Friend the Supper Fry
Might for their Breakfast be laid by;
Adding, 'twould be a better Feast,
(Both being tir'd) to go to Rest;
Which heard, she claps upon a Shelf
The Pancake-Stuff, then stirs her self
To get the Pallate ready made,
Where the two Friends were to be laid.

'Tis fit the Reader here should know,
(The better coming Feats to shew)
How this small House but one large Room
Contain'd, tho' by the Housewife's Broom
Kept neat, in which three Beds were plac'd,
As for Convenience they thought best;

Two by the Wall, of homely Cloath,
 Another Kersey, fronting both,
 To th' best of these the Guests were shewn,
 Who we'll suppose now thither gone,
 In th' next lay *Nicolet* alone;
 The third, the Bumpkin and his Bride
 Still Conjugally occupy'd,
 A Cradle standing by their Side,
 In which an Infant Kid was plac'd
 That Nightly suck'd the Mother's Breast,
 This 'twas our watchful Lover's Care
 T' observe, for now the Candles were
 Extinguish'd, and the honest Pair
 Turn'd Back to Back, laid down to Shore,
 As usual Custom was before.

Pannuchio now being all on Fire,
 His Blood too boyling with Desire,
 Finding the Old ones soundly slept,
 To *Nicoletta* softly crept,
 Who had as watchful been as he,
 Confus'd in Trembling Extasie,
 And struggling betwixt Shame and Love,
 To make a feign'd Resistance, strove,

Tries

Tries to cry out, but can't,--- The Youth
With Eager Kisses stops her Mouth;
Nor dare she make a Noise, for fear
The Mother should awake, and hear,
So that, thus kindly to be press'd,
She thinks now of two Ills, the best,
Besides, an Accident befel
That more oblig'd her to lie still,
Which else had made th' Intrigue in vain,
And their close Love discover'd plain.

A hungry Cat, that had that Day
Misd of the Mice should be her Prey,
Newly returning from her Hole,
Smelt out, by chance, the Housewife's Bowl
That on the Shelf was cover'd set,
To be next Morn the Strangers Treat,
And climbing to effect her Wish,
Had tumbled down a Pewter Dish,
Which rattling Noise in silent Night,
The wak'ned Wife did so affright,
Strange Panick Fear her Bosom felt
That all her Cookery was spilt;

Reflecting likewise on the Cost,
 Of Eggs, at least a Groat's-worth lost;
 Besides the Charge of Milk and Flower,
 All spoil'd in this unlucky Hour;
 Whether it certainly was so,
 Straight starts out of her Bed to know,
 And groping in the Dark went on
 To be resolv'd what 'twas fell down.

Whilst thus the Wife was gone, her Doubt
 To clear, another Chance fell out;
 Young *Adrian* to rise from Bed,
 Some natural occasion had,
 And getting out of Doors to do't,
 Against the Cradle strikes his Foot,
 Which (vex'd with Pain) he straight removes,
 And by his own Bed heedless shoves,
 Then having quickly done th' Affair,
 Oblig'd him thus to take the Air,
 Returning back in easier Plight,
 Forgets to set the Cradle right,
 Which, after causing strange Mistakes,
 Our Comick Tale more Pleasant makes.

The careful Hufwife having found
 The Platter thrown upon the Ground,
 And finding that the Breakfast Stuff
 Was where she set it safe enough,
 And that her Fear and Trouble for'n
 Had been much greater than her hurt,
 No longer now retains the Fright,
 Nor thinks worth while to strike a Light;
 But when 'twas more securely laid,
 Rating the Cat, comes back to Bed;
 But missing th' Cradle, and the Child
 In Place it was, stopt short, and smil'd,
 And to her self, says pleasantly,
 Lord Bless me, What a Fool am I?
 That so besotted with my Fear,
 Know hardly what I am, nor where,
 But missing th' Roof where Hubby rests,
 Am going to Bed to both my Guests.

This said, and turning round about,
 She quickly finds the Cradle out,
 And making then no further doubt,
 Boldly as Town-bred Harridan,
 Gets 'twixt the Sheets to *Adrian*.

The Soldier, tho' his time late spent
 Had chiefly been in *Mars's* Tent,
 Yet finding Goddess *Venus*-- now
 Had sent a better Bedfellow;
 And by his Hand, that loosely rang'd,
 Perceiving plainly th' Sex was chang'd,
 Was now resolv'd his Force to prove,
 To Combat in the Field of Love;
 Nor was his Stomach grown so nice
 With tasting City Dames of Price,
 To make him slight this kind Repast,
 A wholesome Dish, and ready dress'd,
 And therefore, without more ado,
 Or Pauses, heartily fell to;
 Nor found the Woman any Fault,
 Although perhaps she wonder'd that
 Some things unlook'd for, came so Pat,
 Yet took all well, and th' grateful Love
 To pay with Wife-like Duty, strove,

Love ne'er few Minutes happier lent,
 The Daughter had her Soul's Content,
 Nor thought the Mother th' time ill spent;

But

But Fortune, whose inconstant round,
And wavering Nature still is found,
Thinks now to mix the present Bliss
With an allay of Bitterness,
And dash the Cup that now pleas'd all,
With Discord, and some drops of Gall.

Love-gorg'd *Pannuchio*, who the Charms
In Beauteous *Nicoletta's* Arms
Had now for some blest'd Hours enjoy'd,
And warm Desire, Desire had cloy'd ;
Finding by Chanticleer's shrill noise,
That still at Day-break mounts her Voice,
The drowsie Village Hinds to warn
Of the approaches of the Morn ;
That'twas high time for him to speed
Discreetly back to his own Bed ;
With tender Farewell greets his Love,
Who with the same kind Ardour strove
To make return, whilst Tears now fast
Drop down upon her lovely Breast,
Reflecting upon what had past ;
Which he with Kisses wipes away,
Then Vowing that the Sun no Day

Should see, which he would not Improve,
 To prosecute their present Love;
 Once more takes Leave, — and to the Bed
 Where lay his Friend, does softly tread;
 But finding there the Cradle plac'd,
 And thinking he th' right way had lost,
 Steps wide, and lies down by mine Host.
 Who just out of a Dream he rous'd
 Of Cattle that in Thickets Brows'd;
 And laying Mouth close to his Ear,
 Supposing 'twas his Friend was there,
 Thus, with a rash, Ill-fated haste
 Began his Tale of what had past.

By Bounteous Jove, dear Friend, he cry'd,
 E'er Nicolett shall be Enjoy'd
 By the base Clown design'd, by Force,
 The Sun and Moon shall lose their Course;
 Oh, she has given me such Joy,
 Just now, when 'twixt her Arms I lay,
 That, search the Universe all o'er,
 The happiest Monarch ne'er had more,
 And tho' 'twas sometimes dash'd with Fear
 Th' old Snoring Beast, her Dad, should hear,

Yet

Yet still our Intervals of Bliss
Was more than Language can express,
Besides we've plotted too in Bed,
How the poor Cuckold that must Wed
Is to be Chous'd, and how the Horn
That shall his Bridegroom Brows Adorn,
Must twice a Week be settled on
When he abroad to Work is gone,
And she at home is left with care
To spin fine Sheets for me to wear:
This said perceiving Mate in Bed
No Answer gave to what he said,
He crys, why *Adrian*, thou Slugg,
Why sure thou sleep'st--- then with a Jog
Hunches mine Host,--- who like a Hog }
That rotiz'd from Fellows of the Sty, }
Yells out a furious grunting Cry,
Soon as he could his Snowt uprear,
Crys oh! ---the Devil, what's this I hear?
How dar'st thou Imp of Wickedness
Come to my Bed to tell me this?
What mean'st thou plaguer of my Life,
Oons where's thy Mate, and where's my Wife?

Do'st

Do'st thou believe because I'm old,
I'll tamely let thee be so bold?
Or art forsooth a Gentleman,
That such base wrong I suffer can;
To know my Daughter made a Trull,
By a young rampant lewd Town Bull
At Night, who was design'd next Day
To Copulate in Lawful way;
Whilst I, whom thou dar'st cause to hear it
Must patient lie and simply bear it?
No, thou shalt find, that this old Arm
Has yet pow'r to Revenge such harm;
And what is to my Years deny'd,
Shall by my Anger be Supply'd.
And thus concluding his rough Speech,
Already rais'd upon his B——,
The woollen Bed-Cloths off he throws,
And Bending Fist resolves on Blows.

When our young Lover who in pain
You needs must think some time had lain,
Perplext to think that he should make
So rashly such a Dam'd mistake,

As had not only spoil'd their Plot,
But the poor Girl to Scandal brought,
Being still more Amorous than Wife,
Seek's not the Matter to disguise
With some quaint turn of ready Wit,
But giving Scope to sudden Fret,
Th'old Churl with eager Anger met;
Telling him, notwithstanding what
He in his Humour told of late,
If he durst sawcily defend,
His Cause by Fight or Fist did bend
To strike at him, as swift as Bullet,
He'd break his Bones, and seizing Gullet,
Swore loud, that Neck and Heels he'd bind him,
And twist his Coddl'd Pate behind him.

By this--- the Din of either's Voice
Had to the Wife convey'd the Noise,
Who giving *Adrian* a Pluck,
Who lay well pleas'd with his late --- Luck,
And thinking 'twas her wedded Spouse
That still lay hugging her so close,
Cry'd hark,--- hark Husband--- some strange thing
Has set our Guests a Quarreling;

Which

Which words so tickled *Adrian's* Ear,
 He could not th' Laughing Fit forbear,
 But bursting out in Mirthful Tone
 Which for a Stranger's soon was known,
 Answer'd, --- Faith let 'em Quarrel on,
 The Skirmish ended, they'll have done.

Who ever in a Park has seen
 A timorous Fawn upon the Green,
 And tender Sprouts of some young Tree,
 At ease stand browsing wantonly,
 Who, whilst he thus himself Employs,
 Loud Thunder breaking from the Skies,
 With sudden Start leaves off to feed,
 And frighted, bounds away with Speed,
 As if the Noise attack'd his Life,
 Just so it fares with our good Wife;
 She now the Voice too well did find
 Was not o'th' Husband's grumbling kind,
 Yet tho' she from the Bed made haste,
 Glowing at thought of what had pass'd,
 She could not for her Heart but own
 Some things were opportunely done,

And

And in the midst of all her Fear
Could not repent her being there.

Then, having Woman's Wit at Will,
To Cloak the late committed Ill,
It presently came in her Head
To get into her Daughter's Bed,
And there, as if she took th' occasion
To guard her Virgin Reputation,
Pretend that she all Night had been,
And by this means heal all again.

Which done, she calls out to her Matè,
To know the reason of this Heat,
And what, the Day not yet being broke,
Such Clamorous Anger could provoke;
To whom the Churl cry'd, Where art thou?
That thou art not as angry too;
Do'st thou not hear the Gentleman,
Your Modest Lodger, Seignieur Pan.---
Pan.---Pan.--- A Pox upon his Name,
And the blind Hour when here he came,
Like Rampant Stallion, make his Boast
He has rode Nicky all Night Post,

And

And done things as he with her lay,
 Gadzookers, I'm a sham'd to say;
 And now to Crown Rank Villany,
 Do's what he can to throttle me,
 At which the Wife, who nothing knew
 Of that, took this her present Cue,
 Replying he that such things said,
 Must either be stark Drunk or Mad;
 For I have wisely taken Care
 Of the Girles Bed, my self being there
 Because she should not lie alone,
 And scarce have slept since I lay down.

But what in th' name of wonder ails
 Signiour Pannachio, that such Tales
 From him distractedly proceed,
 And what Disease affects his Head
 That will not let him keep his Bed;
 But rise and wander in the Night,
 And in his Dreams his Neighbours Fright;
 Affirming oft a meer Mistake
 For Truth, as if he were Awake;
 As now he do's on this occasion,
 To blast our Nicky's Reputation;

When

When I that have been with her here
Will take my Oath, the Girl's as clear
Of what he utters to belye her
As I my self, who now am by her:
But had I thought our Guest in Dreams
Had guilty been of such extremes,
As Night-walking and changing Beds,
And Scandalizing harmless Maids;
Faith, were what's past to do agen,
He should have found another Inn.

Thus did the Woman's Wit evade,
The Scandal on her Daughter laid,
As cunningly too cloak'd her own
Adventure that so late was done,
When *Adrian* to help her out,
And rid the Husband from his doubt,
As also by a Witty Shift
To help his Friend at a dead Lift,
Thus loudly to *Pannuchio* crys,
Have I not given thee oft Advice,
To wean thy self from these strange Tricks,
Up-risings and such Midnight Freaks?

Which

Which make thee fit, if truth were shewn
 To lie in no Bed but thy own:
 A Week is yet scarce past, since I
 Reliev'd thee from the Jeopardy
 Of ending all Intrigues at once,
 By fairly breaking of thy Bones;
 When thou did'st up the Chimney climb,
 Led by thy Dream to things Sublime,
 A Phoenix-Nest was in thy Brain,
 Till thou cam'st tumbling down again,
 Contus'd with many a Jolt and Rub,
 And smear'd as black as *Belzebub*:
 When, had not I, amidst the Soot
 Rose up, and pull'd thee by the Foot,
 Thou would'st no doubt have Scal'd the Top,
 And from the outside had a drop;
 And just as then thou did'st devise
 Of Nests, and Birds of Paradise;
 Thou now art Dreaming of Amours,
 And making Plighted Virgins Whores;
 Prating as if thou had'st thy Sence
 Of Love-toys, and Incontinence;
 When, Heaven help thee, all the Bliss
 Thou hast, or art like to possess,

When-

Whene'er thy frantick Fit begins,
Is in the Dark to break thy Shins;
Climb Chimneys amongst Grease and Soot,
And break thy Neck perhaps to boot;
For shame then wake, and come away,
'Tis well it is not yet quite Day,
For, if it were, the Sun from Bed
Would not with Blush rise half so Red
As thou for being such a Beast,
Thy Friends so vilely to molest.

When this the Clodpate Host had heard,
And what besides his Spouse averr'd,
Snuffing his Sence, and stroaking Beard,
It wisely came into his Head
Pannuchio only Dreamt indeed,
And more to make the Opinion clear,
The Lover, who both Tales did hear,
And by their hints was grown more wise,
Talks to himself, as doz'd he lies,
Of Swallows-Nests, and Rooks, and Pies,
Of Eggs that *Nicoletta* Laid
On an Oak-top in such a Mead;

Which he would climb for straight, and fetch,
 And in his Close-Knee'd Breeches Hatch,
 Which Follies of so strange a Nature
 Set now mine Host in such a Laughter,
 He quite forgot all VVrongs had pass'd,
 And hunching him upon the Breast,
 Cry'd *Seigneur*, wake, y'ave miss'd your Bed,
 And take your Grandfire for a Maid;
 To whom *Pannuchio* straight replies,
 Yawning, and rubbing of his Eyes,
 As if he had been call'd to rise;
 What now, Friend *Adrian*, Is it Day?
 Thou call'st so soon to go away.

Quoth *Adrian*, whether Day or Night,
 To thee is equal in this Plight,
 Whilst in these Dreams thy Humour tends
 To walk and trouble all thy Friends,
 And hast of Sence so small a Part,
 That yet thou know'st not where thou art,
 And should'st but that mine Host is kind,
 Be thump'd, thy Senses to unbind.

This said, the Lover quick does rise,
 Feigning himself in great Surprise,

Asham'd

Asham'd and Sorry for the Deed,
Gropes out his way to *Adrias's* Bed,
VVhere being now securely laid,
They all, till Light adorn the East,
Give oe'r themselves a-new, to Rest.

Nor was it long e'er Day began
To chase *Saturnus* from her Reign,
And *Sol*, in Oceans dazzling Cells,
Adorn'd with Pearl, and costly Shells,
VVith Influencing Beams arose,
And on his Purple Mantle throws,
VVrought in the Fair *Aurora's* Loom,
And Tinctur'd with Immortal Bloom.

VVhen the old Couple, who would be
Each Morn as Early up as he,
Got out with *Nicolette* too,
VVhose Rosie Aspect, at first View
Out-blush'd him with her Crimson hue;
The Friends soon after too were dress'd,
And now th' whole Morning's Pleasant Jest
VWas on *Pannuchio's* Rambling VVhim,
And odd Successes of his Dream.

Mine Host cry'd, Now by Crumple Horn,
 My Dappl'd Heifer, I'd have Sworn
 The Squire had been as broad awake
 When first he came to Bed, and spake,
 As I my self, or Jugg my Dear,
 Or any other Body here;
 But see how one may be deceiv'd,
 How came you, pray, to be thus griev'd,
 With Nightly groping in your Shirt,
 By th' Blood o'th' Grape, I'm sorry for't;
 And for the Trouble on my part,
 That, I forgive with all my Heart.

Pannuchio reaching out his Hand,
 And shaking Fist with him, cry'd Friend
 Believ't, I undergo much Shame
 For Follies in my last Night's Dream,
 And ever shall Reluctance have
 For the Disturbance that I gave;
 As for the rise of my Disease,
 Since you desire to know my Case,
 As far as Memory gives, 'tis this.

Here for some time he Coughing stood,
 As one not at Invention good;

Or

Or like our dull Tub-canting Drones,
Or bold *Welch* Stickler, *David* J.,
Who would Convert us Sinful Men
With Hum and ha— and, for, to— then,
Tautologies of three Hours speaking,
On dreadful Dooms for Sabbath-breaking,
Till like him having clear'd his way
From Rheum, that stop'd what he wou'd say,
Renewing what he late begun,
His new Discourse, he thus went on,

My Mother, in my Childish Years,
Being over-kind, as it appears,
That I might best of Learning have,
Me to Rough-hewn Pedant gave,
Whose Methods were so Harsh and Grave,
That in the Winter, e'er Day broke
He'd make me Pore upon my Book,
When I, that would have given up
My Patrimony for a Nap,
For being sometimes found a Slug,
Have by that old ill-natur'd Dog,
Whilst on another's Back I rode,
Been Flaug'd until my Buttocks Glow'd;

Which Discipline that fail'd to place,
Making Impression by Degrees
As well upon my Martyr'd Mind
As on my Passive Parts behind,
Did Faculties of Rest so Pall,
I was afraid to Sleep at all,
So frequently at Midnight rose
To go to School without my Cloaths;
'Twas thus my Dreams began their Course,
I fancy'd still I rode th' old Horse,
That I was Lash'd, or Lashing Boys,
And oft made such Counfounded Noise
With conning Verbs, and playing the Fool,
As if my Chamber were the School,
Fill'd full of Humming Sentences,
Or Buzzing like a Swarm of Bees;
Then would I Dream of changing Beds,
And tickling oft my Mothers Maids,
For Dreams are Revelations too,
And what my Vision did pursue
Had th' same Effect as if 'twere true;
Nor is this all that can be said
Of what this Force of Dreaming had,
Which was at last so much in use,
That some o'th' Women in our House,

As if their Spouses gave their Due,
Have Dreamt that they were Tickl'd too,
When all were but Chimera's vain,
And Idle Fancies of the Brain.

Thus, being almost Black in th' Face,
Telling his Lye with so much haste.
Pannuchia ends, — when the Good Wife,
Who ne'er before in all her Life
Was so Confus'd, reflecting on
The Tale that was so lately done,
Was e'en at her Wits end to know
If hers had been a Dream or no,
Oft she revolv'd within her Mind
Things so substantially kind,
Which, as she found 'em to proceed,
Could not come only from her Head,
Nor was her tender Sence so dull
To think 'twas Whimsey of the Skull,
And yet when she did ruminate
On what *Pannuchio* told of late;
She strangely puzzl'd was again,
At last concluded in the main,

If what had happen'd was not true,
'Twas ch' follid'ft Dream she ever knew.

As for mine Host, he gaping stood,
Just like an Image made in Wood,
The upper Jaw stretch'd wide from Lower,
As if he would the Tale Devour,
And ever, as on late Intrigues
He thought, and *Nicoletta's* Eggs,
A Laughing Fit quite stunn'd their Ears,
As if the Fool had found * a Mare's,
Believing all our Am'rous Youth
Had Storied, for a Gospel Truth.

But *Nicoletta* most was Pain'd,
She long time hardly had refrain'd
To contradict th' Opinion quite,
That all was false she found that Night,
Or that a Dream could ever Bless
With such material Happiness.

* Alluding to an old Wife's Saw, on one that Laughs on every Ridiculous Occasion, viz. He has found a Mare's-Nest, and Laughs at the Eggs.

A Dream, she knew, could th' Sence employ
To Consummate one Act of Joy,
But she that in a Dream had been,
To Dream the same thing o'er again,
And several times to do so too,
Her Reason told, could not be true,
And therefore prudently believ'd
She had not been at all deceiv'd,
But that the Lover had Perform'd,
What really her Heart so Charm'd;
Which to confirm, *Pannuchio*, who
Was now on point to bid Adieu,
Taking her secretly aside,
The past Conclusions verify'd,
And with kind Looks, and Farewells sweet,
Late Promise did again repeat,
That he would often Visits make,
Or her from forc'd Embraces take.

Which done, with many Dops and Bows
From the old Herdsman and his Spouse,
The Reck'ning being nobly Paid,
Portmantua fast, and Travelling Jade

From

From Stable brought, each Trusty Friend
 Mounts, and with Speed does homeward bend,
 Leaving the Cottage at *Magnane*
 Amaz'd at what was past and gone,
 To make what haste they could to Town,
 The Men each with contented Breast
 Well Pleas'd, the Women both——well Kifs'd.

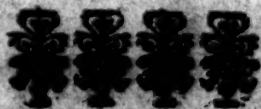
FATAL

FATAL PIETY:

OR THE

ROYAL CONVERTS.

The Third Tragick Tale.



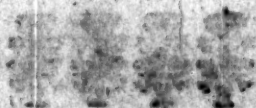
From an Abstract in Prose, in the History of the Conquest of Spain ; written Originally in *Arabick* by *Abulcacim Tariff Abentarique*, a General, and Eye-witness in that Expedition ; from thence Translated into *Spanish* by *Michael de luna*, Interpreter to *Philip II.* And now done into *English* Heroical Verse, By the Author.

FEATAT PLETT

OF THE

ROYAL CONVERTS

The Third Tragic Tale.



From an Abstract in French in the History of the Conquest of Spain; written Originally in Arabic by Abdallah ibn Abdallah, a General, and Physician in that Expedition; from thence translated into Spanish by Michael de Luna, Interpreter to Philip II. And now done into English Historical Verse By the Author.

FATAL PIETY:

OR THE

ROYAL CONVERTS.

C*Astillian* Pride that long had soaring been,
 Had now the highest point of glory seen;
 Predicting Prophecies in Caves were found,
 And hollow Grotto's winding under Ground:
 Which in mysterious Characters display'd,
 Barbarian Infidels should *Spain* invade;
 This, luckless *Roderigo* * prov'd too soon
 His Country conquer'd and himself undone,
 So terrible appear'd destructions shape;
 So fierce, Revenge, for chast * *Florinda's* Rape.

* The unfortunate King of Spain. * The Virgin Daughter
 of Count Julian, a Spanish Grandee, who being Ravish'd by *Roderigo*;
 her Father in Revenge, brought in the Moors to Conquer his Country.

But

But on this tract I mean not to proceed,
 Which in the Spanish Annals you may read,
 Queen * *Zabra's* Story now exacts my Care;
 His matchless Widdow, that unhappy Fair
 Inspires my Muse of sacred worth to tell
 Can equal the most fain'd, if not excel;
 With her a Princely Hero too is Joyn'd:
 Her Match, in all perfections of the mind
 Who from best Pens, deserv'd the best applause
 For glorious Justice, done the Christian Cause.

First then, how the fair * Queen the Regal Seat
 Obtain'd, and Pomp of the *Castilian* State,
 I think 'tis necessary to relate,
 From Famous Ancient Royalty she sprung,
 And Eastern *Affrick* Kings that flourish'd long,
 Her Father *Abnechedin* fierce, and bold
 In youth, tho' now allay'd with growing old;
 As his Heart's Vitals, held his Daughter dear,
 And that Indulgent Love, might more appear,

* The Beautiful Queen of *Adrigo*. * A short commencement of
 the History of Q. *Zabra*.

Allow'd her all delights she could require
Or Fancy dress'd in modesty, desire.

It chanc'd one Summers Evening when the Sun
With golden Beams adorn'd the Horrizon
And *Zephires* breezes gently curl'd the Sea;
The sportful Princess to conclude the Day
With full delight, aboard her Pinnace went
To view the Beauty, of the Continent:
The Sweets, of Cittron Groves, that blooming were
And wafted from the shore, the fragrant Air,
But soon, as if her Evil Genius strove
To hate what Heaven and Nature seem'd to Love;
Her Smiling Joy was turn'd to Gloomy Fear,
And Horreur does in Dreadful Shapes appear,
For on the sudden, then a Storm arose,
And from the *North* with such loud Fury blows;
The Sailors Diligence was overway'd,
Whilst the tofs'd Vessel the rough Waves obey'd;
In vain they strove to gain their flying Land,
The Pinnace hurries to a distant Strand,
Which, after three Days Labour to avoid,
In spite of all their Artful Pains employ'd,

They

They found to be * *Alcapra* on the Main,
A Province Subject to the Crown of Spain.

Here was the Beauteous *Zabra* driv'n on Shoar,
Half dead with Fear, and to Despair giv'n o'er;
Her Women round her in distressful Plight;
Stupid, and Speechless with the dreadful Fright;
Yet from her Eyes uncommon Rays appear,
Nor had Grief Power to shade the Glories there,
Which, by some Natives who the Wreck had seen,
And by her dazzling Robes, and gracious Mien,
To find her, knew how Lucky they had been,
Was quickly prov'd, and she a Captive led
By the rude Soldiers, to a homely shed.

Where their Commander whom kind chance pre-
(ferr'd
Was upon Martial Duty keeping Guard.

No sooner had she Bless'd this *Spaniard's* Eyes,
And he recover'd from his grand Surprise,
But from her Face to Heav'n their Lights he cast,
And murmur'd Prayers to all his Saints so fast,
That him with his Rich Prize so timely bless'd;

* By the Arabs so call'd, and by the Spaniards, *Cabo de gara*.

He scarce had Breath enough to prove his Zeal,
Nor shew the vast Content his Heart did feel;
With a low formal Bow, and awkward Air,
His Whiskers stroaking, he Salutes the Fair,
A Largest straight too on his Men bestows,
Commends their Service, and great Favour shews,
Bids 'em all hope Commands another Day,
The Soldiers Cordial still, when wanting Pay,
Then to his own good Fortune has regard,
How to bestow the Blessing thus conferr'd.

Her Beauty had the Power all Hearts to warm,
Yet his, grown old, had found a greater Charm;
Gold was the Darling Mistress of his Soul,
And in his Breast did all Delights controul;
A General, or at least a Brigadier
He doubts not to be made this happy Year,
Should he to *Rodrick* as a Present bear
This Blooming Goddess, this Cœlestial Fair.

Swift then, as the bright Charioteer of Day,
Drives his hot Steeds, to Court he takes his way,
And to the King his *Africk* Treasure brought,
A Bribe most suiting to his Am'rous Thought,

Q

Who

Who Fatal Woman lov'd to such Degree,
 To lose at last Fame, Life, and Dignity;
 And who, when he beheld this *Eastern* Gem
 Out-shining those that grac'd his Diadem,
 At first with Wonder, then with Love was seiz'd,
 Her Dress amaz'd him as her Beauty pleas'd;
 Till hearing his old Officer relate
 Each Circumstance of her Disastrous State;
 Her Royal Birth, and the distressful harm
 She just before had Suffer'd from the Storm,
 He grew Compos'd, and gazing on her Face,
 Wonder Ebbs out, and Love Flows in a-pace.

So swift it Flows, it Reason soon Confounds,
 And within few Days after, knows no Bounds;
 She must be straight Enjoy'd, at any Rate,
 And to engage Consent, the Regal State
 By Marriage Rites, as Queen he does propose,
 And yields to place the Crown upon her Brows,
 Provided she'll the Christian Faith embrace,
 And leave the Errours of her *Moorish* Race.

The Mourning Princess, who had now no choice,
 (Her Yes Prefers her, and her No Destroys;)

Harass'd

Harass'd each Day with his Impatient Suit;
At last resolv'd to finish the Dispute,
And since no hope of her Return was left,
Thinks fit to make the best of Fortune's Gift;
Not that the *Spanish* Crown her Sence did Charm,
Diviner Influence her Breast did warm,
An inbred Zeal, that long did hidden lye
For Sacred Precepts of Christianity;
'Twas this Seraphick Reason made her join
Her Hand so soon forgetting House and Line,
Inspir'd now by the true Religions Power;
And secret Shame for her Mistake before.

Thus did King *Rodricks* gain his Charming Love,
And for a Season, Kind and Constant prove;
But Vice, that o'er him got Superiour Sway,
Not long in that bless'd State would let him stay,
Florinda's Face chang'd his unsteddy Soul,
And all his Wedlock Vows did soon controul;
Pursuit of which wild Frenzy, cost his Life,
Succeeding fatal wrongs were done his Wife,
Besides his Kingdom to the *Arabs* given
By the Immutable Decree of Heaven.

Now is Queen *Zabra*, once more in Distress,
 And at *Cordova* shrowds her Lovely Face,
 Yet by the Conq'ring * *Moorish* General was
 Us'd with Regard as dutiful and great
 As if she flourish'd in her Royal State,
 Who forc'd to leave her to Pursue the War,
 Gave his Fair Charge to * *Abulcacim's* Care,
 With strict Command to use best Skill to Please,
 And make her bear Captivity with Ease.

Amongst the chief Allies that in this War
 Took Arms to aid th' *Arabian* Emperour,
 The King of *Thunis* was most Zealous known,
 Who long his Hate had to the Christians shewn,
 And now believes he does his Force employ
 To glorious ends if he those Dogs destroy;
 With a strong Power to Press th' Attacks begun,
 He therefore sent Prince * *Mahomet* his Son
 To urge each Battle, and make easier way
 For the success of each ensuing Day,

* *Tariff*, chief General to the Great Caliphvalid *Almazor*, Emperour of the *Arabians*. * A Wife and Valiant Officer in the Army. * *Mahomet Guillhair*.

The Prince, whose Form was gracious, and whose
(Mind
To Vertue's Lore, and Honour's Laws Inclined,
Who lately the Fair Queen's Renown had heard,
Entring the City which he came to Guard,
Resolves his Eyes this Wonder shall partake,
And therefore will a Solemn Visit make,
Then, if kind words, to Woe can bring Relief,
Try to Console her 'midst her Piercing Grief.

* Extended in a Black Alcove she lay,
Shut close, and Guarded from Invading Day,
Where some few Tapers stood, whose Gloomy
(Light
Gave dire Resemblances of Death and Night;
Who, when the Prince perceiv'd with down-cast
(Eyes,
And saw her, at his sudden Entrance, rise,
He humbly begg'd Excuse for his rash Fault,
Then told her, he his Duty thither brought,
In hopes he should of Fate so well deserve
That he might some of her occasions serve;

* Here the History of Rodrigo leaves off, and that of Q. Zabra
and Mahomet goes on.

But vainly now does his rash Court pursue,
 The Widow'd Turtle has no Will to Coöe:
 Her Tongue will into no Discourses fall,
 Nor needs it, since her Charming Eyes speak all;
 They throw, in spite of Grief, their Rays around,
 As Diamonds are in th' Dark, most dazling found;
 Like Lightning's Fire, each Looker on they Dart,
 Nor could they miss the brave young Prince's
 (Heart,
 Who now thinks all the Lawrels of the Field
 By such a sweet Reward, far, far excell'd,
 And thinks his minutes gloriously spent
 If he can purchase her the least Content;
 So much his Soul is touch'd to see her Grief,
 He scarcely has the Power to take his Leave;
 Unruly Passion in his Bosom flows,
 A Conquerour he came, a Slave he goes,
 And tho' War's Thunder he durst still despise,
 Has yet no Guard against her Conqu'ring Eyes.

The Charming Queen, who his Behaviour saw,
 His Graceful Shape, and Reverential Awe,
 Tho' weighty Sorrow deeply inward press'd,
 Yet felt a kind of Liking in her Breast,

Which

Which was sufficient to inform her Wit
His Birth was noble, as his Merit great,
And therefore tho' her decent Sorrow made
Her Person Tennant to that silent Shade;
A sprightly Glance shot now and then, declar'd,
With no Averfion, she his Tale had heard,
Which Thought renewing him with Strength to
(Part,
He straight withdrew, but left behind, his Heart.

Love, forcibly confin'd, the more does spread
As smothering Fire cannot long be hid,
The Prince impatiently supports his Pain,
Who now is strongly fix'd to dye, or gain;
Which some time past, he offers to her Ear,
Suiting occasion when she best could hear,
And in the Lover's Posture, kneeling low,
Implores her to receive the Faithful Vow
He late had made, her constant Slave to prove,
Confirm'd by gift of his Eternal Love;
Adding, (besides his Heart's dear Sacrifice)
The Crown of *Thunis* when his Father Dies;
Nor doubts he, that since free by *Rodrick's* Death
She will, with Ease, embrace her former Faith,

And with new Zeal repair her former Loss,
 Yielding the Crescent what she paid the Cross;
 Which done, late Dignity she shall regain,
 And mount a Throne as high as that of Spain;
 Besides, a Loyal Lover, to adore,
 And make amends for Wrongs she found before.

Thus did the Prince employ his Heart and
 (Tongue, }
 Love was the constant Subject of his Song,
 No Day seem'd tedious now, nor Night too long;
 That was pass'd o'er in tend'ring her his Suit,
 And pruning Hope at last t' enjoy the Fruit,

The Royal Widow, as before you heard,
 Already had for him some kind Regard;
 His Person pleas'd her, but her present Case,
 And decent Modesty forbade Address;
 Thus cold Returns still answer warm Desires,
 And frozen Contraries quench glowing Fires;
 For tho' her Natural Will his Love allows,
 Her Artificial, other Meaning shews,
 And when she Sigh'd, in vain 'twas to require
 Whether 'twas caus'd by Sorrow, or Desire,

But

But, our young Warriour, who his Mist'ry

(knew)

Much better than to bid a faint Adieu,
And leave the Town for a Repulse or two,
Fresh Batt'ry rais'd, and brings new Forces on,
Lays close the Siege, believing if he won
A Parly once, the Bus'ness was half done;
He therefore watches her each leisur'd Hour,
Pursues his Suit, and presses the Amour;
Whilst she, like a strong Fort, betray'd in th' End
By those within, now scarcely can defend,
And in Distress, thinks 'tis the wisest Course
To call for Aid to her Religious Force,
Her never-failing Guard of Piety,
Since Inclination, when she went to try,
She found too much a Friend to th' Enemy;
On Christian Succours therefore, now relies,
Who, if the Place be taken by Surprise,
And the weak Garison their Post forsake,
At least, will Honourable Treaty make.

Subdu'd at last, then by his Speeches fair,
His Vows of Duty, and engaging Air,

One

One Evening, when the God of Am'rous Sighs
 Design'd a Grace to all his Votaries;
 The Prince pursuing his oft urg'd Request,
 A kind Compliance fill'd the Queen's Fair Breast;
 Her cold Reserv'dness at this time laid by,
 With a Hope-giving Smile she gilds each Eye,
 And to the Prostrate Hero, made Reply. }

* Believe, Oh *Mahomet*, your Fortune kind,
 That 'midst my Grief has thus my Ears Inclined
 To hear th' unseasonable Tenders made
 Of Love, which you'd Infer, your Heart has
 (sway'd, }
 Love, for which I so late so dear have Pay'd;
 Think then your self, I say, the darling Son
 Of Gracious Fate, who have my Suffrage won,
 Indear'd my Patience, and engag'd Reply,
 Almost before my Sorrowing Eyes are dry;
 Your Guardian Genius has this Pliant Hour
 Conquer'd my Will, and each resisting Power,
 To give Attention to a new Amour; }

* Q. Zabra's Speech to P. Mahomet, to perswade him to turn Christian.

And

And I, whose Memory bears the fresh Mishap
Of Winds and Waves, that with Tempestuous
(Rape,

Wreck't me, the Power of Elements to prove,

And after did the same once more by Love,

Am brought, by your prevailing Influence

To hear the Word again without Offence;

Nay more to own, for which a Blush is due,

It gives me no Aversion, — spoke by you;

Yet know, Oh Prince, successful as you are,

Whom bounteous Nature made with Studious

(Care,

Of Heavenly Mold, to shew her Work was rare;

'Tis not your Form, tho' grateful to the Sight,

Nor artful Words, tho' proper to delight,

When they with moving Influence incite,

That Charms my Tongue to do the wonted

(Grace,

My Bosom's dearest Secret to Confess;

But 'tis my hope, in your Cœlestial Mind,

That has my Heart to grant your Suit Inclī'd;

If then your Passion bears the ardent Pow'r

Which you Profess, in each Imploring Hour;

If,

If, as you have declar'd with Oaths and Vows,
Your Soul and Body is at my Dispose;
And that (as you would have your self believ'd)
A new Faith is so easily receiv'd.
Forgo your false Impostor, the true Cause
Embrace, and swear t' obey our Christian Laws,
My Heart and Hand are readily prepar'd
The Bless'd Conversion kindly to Reward;
Thus too I prove, howe'er your Passion Pleads
Regard for me, that mine for you exceeds,
Since you your self alone with Love resign,
But I give Heaven and my self with mine,
Your Love is bounded with a Mortal Joy,
Immortal mine, which time can ne'er destroy;
Nor will I be ashamed for this to Woe,
But as you me Implor'd, now beg of you
To take me to your Arms, with me, a Crown,
And Power Coelestial, not to be o'er-thrown;
If I have Beauty, 'tis your Prize this Hour,
And shall be given with an Immortal Dower,
The Holy Rites of Baptism to Impower,
And give you Claim to me and Paradise,
With boundless Empires here, that fall and rise.

Uncom-

Uncommon Merit you, I know, can prove;
Ah! Let me boast of your uncommon Love;
A new Example of Affection rare,
And trust your Soul's Concernment to my Care;
Who, in vile Ignorance, like you, once lay,
Till my Bless'd Genius shot a Glorious Ray,
A Sacred Beam that did my Clouds disperse,
To shew the Maker of the Universe,
And the Ador'd Redeemer, who by Death
Regeneration did to all bequeath,
And lastly made me with an abject scorn
Despise that Frantick Slave in *Africk* Born,
Whose Brain Enthusiastick, Craz'd, and Doz'd,
That piece of Jargon, *Alchoran*, Compos'd;
Sophistick Fables, Nations running o'er,
Taught by a Pidgeon, he had taught before;
This 'twas at last, my Happiness to know,
And this, Inspir'd by Heaven, I dole to you,
Receive the Seeds then I Divinely sow,
Deep in your Bosom let 'em Rooted be,
Embrace Salvation, with Salvation, --- me.

This

This, if consented to, take here my Hand,
 My Person, and perpetual Love Command,
 Seraphick Chains our Souls and Hearts shall
 (Join,
 As I'm your chiefest Good, you shall be mine;
 But if that Ipurious Pagod's Interest
 With Craft Infernal has your Mind Possess'd,
 Keep from my Eyes, like an Infectious Blast;
 For here I swear by Heaven's bright Dwelling-
 Place,
 Nay, by the sacred Symbol of the Cross,
 Never on any other Terms to give
 My Heart, nor otherwise your Love receive;
 Turn Christian, me, and Joys Coelestial prove,
 Else lose for Ever, Heaven, and Zebra's Love.

This said, her Beauty more to recommend,
 To his, her Lovely Hand she does Extend,
 And with a Blush that o'er her Face was spread,
 Gave such a Look, could have reviv'd the Dead;
 Th' Inspiring Touch shot to the Prince's Heart,
 The Touch, had she not spoke, did half Convert;
 But when his Native Faith his Mem'ry press'd,
 Which by his Father he was Taught was best;
 When

The third Tragick Tale.

139

When he that Monarch's Rage reflected on,
And dire Revenge on his Apostate Son,
Then, as the Elemental Cold and Heat,
Whene'er they happen, close-confin'd, to meet,
Both fiercely strive, the Victory to get;
So in the Prince's Breast each Passion burns,
Biggotted Zeal and Love get Place by turns.

But Love at last obtain'd the glorious Prize,
Who could withstand the Force of Zabra's Eyes,
And Sence, that clear'd Religious Mysteries?
The Hair-brain'd Prophet's Tenets now grow
(Fall'd,
And Wonders of Bless'd Jesus are Extoll'd;
The Hallow'd Water with Cœlestial Grace
Sprinkles new Glory on his Manly Face,
Whilst the Transported Queen, all over Charms
Waits her Dear Profelyte with open Arms.

And now the second Sacrament is done
And giv'n, the Mystick Ring joins Two in One;
The Marriage-Bed's prepar'd, and smiling Joy
Crowns our new Christian in the Bride's fair Eye.

Ah,

Made her with gracious Wisdom reprimand
The growing Guilt, in hopes to have restrain'd.

A Young wild Soldier, who from *Africk* came,
Had been Intrigu'd too nearly with this Dame,
And Sparks of Lewdness now, were grown a
(Flame.

Which to her Mistress known, she straight to end
Such nauseous Crimes, discards her Am'rous Friend
With angry Threats, t' Expose her to worst Shame,
If e'er again she nourish'd that vile Flame.

And now *Meldicha*, swells with venom'd Spite,
For losing thus, her swarthy Favourite;
Since often she, in large black Rowling Eyes
Had tasted oft her Prophets Paradise :
And therefore trys all ways she thinks can prove
Effectual, to Revenge her Injur'd Love;
Which by Hells Aid, she was not Guyllyng long
For our delighted Pair, that fear'd no Wrong :
Indulging Joys, seraphical and pure,
Forgot that Care, which should their Blifs secure.

That dangerous Secret, which to Death must lead
 The Princely Convert, should he be betray'd,
 And of his late Revolt, Discovery made.
 Which one ill-fated Season chanc'd at last
 For curst *Meldicha*, who with watching prest
 To clear some late Mistrust, in private plac'd,
 Beheld 'em take their spiritual Repast
 At th' Altar, where they Christian Duty paid
 With Holy Wine, and Consecrated Bread:
 In part amaz'd at this, in part too pleas'd,
 Her Breast late full of aking Rancour, eas'd:
 Now glows with Joy, to know 'twas in her Power
 To take Revenge, for her late cross'd Amour;
 And give her Royal Mistress an Offence,
 Of the most dire and fatal Consequence.

To Valiant *Abulcacim* straight she flies,
 And with hoarse Voice, pale Cheeks and staring
 (Eyes,
 Relates the close Devotion she had seen,
 Betwixt the Prince of *Thunis* and the Queen;
 Adding, th' Apostate Lover to repay,
 She had Espous'd him too, the Christian way:

Two Crimes of so notorious a Degree,
As had no Equal in Impiety.

Stunn'd, was the rough old Soldier at her news;
Yet moderation was resolv'd to use,
Nor would proceed to the Extremity,
Till he the Object strange was led to see
Which few Days after by her Industry
Was brought to pass, the Royal Converts shewn
Purging their Sins to him, whose death did sin

(attone :

The fatal view Inflames bigotted Zeal,
He now resolves the Secret to reveal;
And writes to Great *Almanzor* what had been
New Acted by Prince *Mahomet* and the Queen :
To th' fierce old King of *Thunis* too, presents
A second Scrowl, whose mischeivous contents
Like fatal *Nitre* bursting into Flame,
With suddain Rage his Reason overcame.

The snowy remnant of his aged Hairs
In Passion lost, with frantick force he tears :
And in the Agony his Soul do's move
'Twixt zealous Fury, and paternal Love,

Distracted roams about, from place to place
 Beating his Breast, his Head, and reverend Face,
 And lastly, swears his Son shall tortur'd Die,
 Unless his new born Faith he straight deny.

Then in his Falsified Hand a Pen he takes,
 And fir'd anew, a written Legend makes
 Of all the wonders false Tradition shews
 Their Prophet did, at least as they'l suppose;
 How he went up to Heaven (1) and how came
 (down,
 And with his Finger toucht, and cleft the Moon:
 How from th' Almighty there, for three Days
 (space)

He was receiving Orders, Tracts of Grace,
 To teach believers of his sacred Race:
 And that at Doomsday, when the Dead shall rise,
 Great *Mahomet* on Plains of Azure Skies
 Shall with the *Nazarite* meet, and Fight a Prize,
 Of whom, (posselt, with hardned Ignorance)
 He then Inveighs, in phrases void of Sence

(1) Some learned Authors mention this, as being vouch'd in part of the Alchoran.

Detracts his humble, and misterious Birth ;
 Disowns the Miracles he shew'd on Earth,
 His Life restoring, and his power to Heal :
 And charm'd by Madness, which he counted Zeal
 Thus in a Postscript adds---- did I thy Youth
 Instruct in Tenets of unerring Truth ;
 Did I, (oh now accurst,) a compact make
 With sacred *Asrael* ; (2) care of thee to take,
 And at thy Death, thy Soul's provission make
 Amongst the Muslemen of true belief,
 Of whom our Race, were ever known the Chief ;
 To find thee now degenerately lost,
 Deserting Rules such care and pains have cost ?
 They, all in fair Cœlestial Bowers shall lie,
 Where Virgin Seraphs in Transporting Joy,
 With charming Eyes, each Hour shall smiling
 (come,
 Their Faces tinctur'd with Eternal bloom :
 Whilst thou (oh wretch) when brought to take
 (the Doom

(2) *Asrael* is a suppos'd Angel which the Alchoran says is employ'd to receive the Souls of those that die,

From awful *Munzir*, and (3) dread *Nekir's* Voice,
 Whom as Impartial Judges, Heaven employs
 For losing *Kiab*, (4) that blest form of Prayer,
 And Faith abjuring which enjoyn'd thy care,
 Wilt feel e'er second Judgment comes, dispare
 Did not in Purgatory, mercy wait
 And Prayers of Friends relieve the Reprobate,
 Which tho' for thee, ought ne'er t' engage my
 (Will,
 Vile as thou art, I am thy Father still;
 Within whose anxious Breast soft Nature pleads,
 Who through the Prospect's wrong End, views thy
 (Deeds :
 And begs thee e'er the Horrour draws too nigh
 To turn in time, the Christian Cause defie,
 And swear twas Magick's Force, or Lunacy.
 So shalt thou Heaven retrieve by due Remorse,
 So save thy Life, now forfeit, and what's worse,
 Thy Soul from Damning, by thy Father's Curse.

(3) They seem to allow a kind of Purgatory, and two Judgments; the First of which is called the Torment of the Sepulcher, where Two Angels, viz. *Munzir* and *Nekir*, are plac'd as Ezaminants, the other is perform'd by *Mahomet* himself. (4) *Kiab*, is a form of Prayer they Cerimonially use to *Mahomet*.

For

For by dread *Alha*, I have sworn if Hell
And Fiends, inspire thee longer to rebel;
If with Repentance, Prostrate on thy Face,
Thou do'st not entertain this offer'd Grace,
I will that Blood thou bear'st of mine, disclaim;
And like a Slave, commit thee to the Flame.

Thus wrote the angry King, warpt with old Age,
And tortur'd 'twixt Indulgency and Rage;
Nor without Pangs too, was the Prince's Soul,
When he perus'd his Father's dreadful Scrowl:
Which to augment, a new Express, was come
From the * *Arabian* Monarch, with the Doom
Of Beautious *Zabra*, Sentenc'd to the Fire,
Refusing what the *Musli* should require.
The Reverend Priest too, who to crown Events
Of Christian Joy, the two late Sacraments
Administred, the Convert to endear
With Heaven to Come, and Loves *Elexium* here,
Must for the Fact, a Death with Horrour feel,
Condemn'd to sharpest Torments of the Wheel.

* Almanzor.

But ill does he wear the Redeemer's Badge,
 Whose constant Zeal cannot Death's Pangs assuage;
 This Saint-like Man, no Torment can affright,
 The Persecution seems to him Delight;
 Who with a cheerful Visage, when he heard
 The Instruments of Horror were prepar'd,
 Exhorts Prince *Mubomet*, to banish Fear;
 Then with his Ghostly Precepts strives to clear
 All Scruples, if his Sense should clouded be,
 Confus'd in Mazes of Eternity:
 The Death of Saints, he prov'd was still their Gain,
 Eternal Joy, for momentary Pain.
 Quotes o're the Blessed Martyrs, who defied
 Tyranny's Rage, and for their Saviour dy'd,
 And in few Hours so well himself Imploy'd.
 The Prince, whose Heart indulg'd the grafted Fruit,
 Was now become, a Doctor in Dispute,
 His Father's rash Invective, he counts Air
 Hopes to convert him, and directs a Prayer
 Industrious zeal, to reverential Fate,
 To make him Partner of his glorious State:
 Then thinks of Death but as a Passport giv'n
 To guide his Soul the nearest way to Heaven.

But

But Thoughts like these, Cœlestial and Serene,
Gain no such Harbour in the Mourning Queen;
Her Sex's Fear beyond her Force prevails,
Judgment is Ebbing and her Courage fails;
Love has Transform'd her from a Devotee
To Heaven, to kneel his humble Votary;
And when she thinks that her Perswasions have
Condemn'd her dearest Husband to the Grave,
Who her, at Price of his Destruction chose,
And gave his Soul at last to her Dispose,
Then griev'd, she wishes she had been inclin'd
To be less Zealous, to have prov'd more Kind.

Ah best of Men! she cry'd, Can I appear
A Prize of Worth to him that Pays so dear;
Heaven is a Purchase of too high Regard,
'Tis only Love it self is Love's Reward,
A Joy reciprocal, not Death's sad Woes,
And here her self before his Feet she throws,
Then Bathes his Hands that strive to raise her up,
With the Heart-moving Tears that largely drop;
Now too she Circles him with close Embrace,
And with Perfuming Kisses Storms his Face;

For

For, with her Sighs and Tears in the Extreame,
 Her eager Passion like a Tempest seems,
 Nor knows she now, tho' Pious as a Saint
 Whether she shall advise in this Constraint,
 Her Convert to persist, or else Recant;
 So solid now does her strong Passion prove
 So equal to our chiefest Heaven, is Love.

But our new Christian had too brave a Soul
 To let Death's Fears his fix'd Resolves Controul,
 Which at that Hour the *Mufti* ent'ring there,
 He thought he opportunely should declare,
 Since in his Hand he th' Emp'ror's Mandate saw
 For both to fall a Sacrifice to Law,
 Join'd with his Father's Scrowl, who gave Con-
 (sent
 His Son should Die, unless he did Recant.

The Lovely Queen, (subdu'd by her Fair Eyes)
 The Pamper'd Biggot councils to be Wise,
 And Life before her Heaven imagin'd Prize,
 Who seeing her o'er-press'd with Terrour, mute,
 Hop'd to convince her, and began Dispute,
 Oft mingl'd with some Gazings of the Brute;

But

But Constant *Mahomet*, with zealous Care
Oppos'd his Breath, lest it should blast her Ear,
And with his twining Arms around her Waiste,
His Head inclining on her Lovely Breast,
With Charming Accent, thus himself Express'd.

Thou Spring of my Eternal Happiness,
My Soul's Reliever, and my Life's chief Bliss,
Whose Piety can fordid Ign'rance Charm,
And Beauty, cold decrepid Age can warm,
With whom, on Plains of Everlasting Day,
Surrounded still with Joys that ne'er decay,
I thus in Happiness shall waste the time,
The precious Hours transporting, and sublime;
Ah! Let not these fair Fountains drop for me
Unless they kind Congratulations be
Of Joy, for my new-born Felicity;
Since to that height my Thoughts are mounted

(now,

I with Contempt look down on all below:
For, as thou late Divinely did'st bestow
A Mortal Paradise in matchless Love,
And Beauty equalling the Bless'd above;

So

So with late Holy Sprinklings on my Face,
Hast thou 'mongst Glorious Angels given me }
Place, }
And Crown'd my Soul with Rays of Sacred Grace,
The Mists that lately Clouded it, gave way
To Beamy Light, and Tracts of Radiant Day,
And taught by that good Priest, whom Heaven
(assign'd
T' inspire our Souls when he our Bodies Join'd;
I can enlarge on Christianity,
And fill'd with Truth (Dear Love) can Read to
(thee ;
Tell thee, tho' Blessings sublunary prove
The kind Demonstrances of Gracious Love,
Yet, when the bliss of Martyrdom's assign'd,
That Divine Touchstone of a Christian's Mind.
Prov'd, when the Persecution's all pass'd o'er,
And which with Smiles, the firm Apostles bore ;
'Tis that, thou best of Wives, most Good, most
(Fair,
That gives best Proof of Heavenly Love and Care ;
Those therefore, whose true Reason can confess
Affliction, Sovereign for the Soul's Disease,
Know too, the Soul's Disposer, ne'er so near
As when the Body Temp'ral Woe does bear,
The

The Torments of the Flesh by Flame or Wounds
Are lost in him where firm Resolve abounds;
Thus, when of old, *Antiochus* did seize,
And drag to Torture the brave *Macabees*,
Tho' several Deaths tir'd th' Executioner,
They own'd no Pains they felt, nor shew'd no
(Fear;
Nay, even a Woman boldly dar'd it all,
Heartn'd her Sons, and bravely saw 'em fall.

Let her Seraphick Zeal thy Breast Inspire,
Death is (sweet Love,) but Paying Natures Hire;
Life is but lent, and sometimes e'er the Day,
The fordid Miser urges us to Pay,
Which Charge, the Brave still with Contempt de-
(fray;

Receive the Cup then, which I taste to thee,
And let my mounting Soul thy Courage see;
I am thy Profelyte, ah let it be
My Glory too, I learnt to Die of thee,
And after that to live Eternally;
Then to the *Musti* turning, Cease, he cries,
Thy vain weak Threats, and weaker Fooleries,

When

When Beams of Grace inspire a Christian's Soul,
 All lesser Lights they can with Ease controul,
 Let my mistaken Parent dig my Grave,
 He shall my Prayers, but not my Anger have;
 Nor with one Tear of Anguish will I Mourn,
 Unless because I cannot make him turn;
 Yet thus, Effects of gratitude are given,
 Since I for Life he lent, would dole him Heaven.

Then with new vigour blooming in his Face,
 He tells the *Maffi* his false Prophet's Race,
 His grand Impostures, and Fictitious guilt
 The Cheats he studdied, and the Blood he spilt,
 Inveighing with such Courage and such Sence,
 That tother, whose best Plea, was Impudence,
 Out-done with Reason, flies away in Rage,
 Vowing their Deaths his Anger shall assuage;
 Whilst *Mahomet* and charming *Zabra* Joyn'd,
 And in each others Faith and Arms entwin'd,
 A thousand tender dear engagements make
 Bless'd Resolutions never to forsake;
 For now Inspir'd by him, new Zeal she shews,
 Her Tears of Joy flow fast, and Courage grows;

Thus,

Thus, like the Pair in Paradise, they sat,
Before Transgression chang'd their happy State

And now their Pleasures must be rarify'd,
And by the Fire the Jem's Rich Vertue try'd,
For the vile *Mufti*, being thus defy'd,
No longer will defer his dreadful Power,
But gives Directions for the Fatal Hour;
Then fixes the next Day to end their Lives,
And to Exalt their Crimes with Priest-like Malice
(strives:

Aurora Dawns, but not as she was wont,
The Sun now seems as if afraid to Mount,
And muffles in black Clouds his Radiant Face,
Asham'd to Light this most accurs'd of Days,
On which, Hell's Agents had the World depriv'd
Of the most Perfect Lovers ever Liv'd;
But Fate has doom'd, and Horror must proceed,
And now the Hour approaches they must Bleed;
The Reverend Priest first to the Stake they bear,
Pinnion'd, and Bound with Diabolick Care,
Yet held he fast his Manual of Prayer,
Which often Kifs'd, his Looks too fix'd on High,
On the Eternal Mansions of the Sky,

With

With Modest Gesture mixt with Courage bold,
 To the *Barbarian* Gazers plainly told
 He fought the new World, and despis'd the old.

But now appears a more transporting Sight,
 Cœlestial *Zabra*, Fairer than the Light,
 Led by her Convert Husband, Rob'd in White;
 A Heavenly Tincture in their Faces shone,
 Whose Beamy Glory far excell'd the Sun,
 Attending Angels too, with awful Care,
 To wait their Souls, were hovering in the Air,
 Their Bodies then, a Slave, with Savage Pride
 At the curs'd Place of Execution ty'd;
 And now the Flame shot from the Queen's bright
 (Eye,
 Once more had touch'd the *Mufti's* Luxury;
 Once more the Golden *Alchoran* he shews,
 Bids her adore it, and desert her Spouse,
 Her Life she shall prolong, new Empire gain,
 And Rule with greater Power than late in *Spain*;
 But she her Beauteous Hand Lock'd fast in his
 That waited with her the approaching Bliss,

With

With Blushing scorn contems the Idol's Grace,
And spots her last Defiance in his Face.

This Action proper to controul Desire;
Urging his Rage, soon kindled too the Fire;
Fierce *Mulciber* devours the Wooden Pile,
And whilst that sparkles, the Bless'd Converts
(Smile,
Till Pyramidal Flames that upward tend,
Mount the bright Souls that to their Heaven
(ascend.

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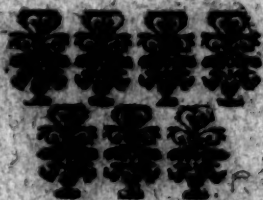
With Blushing from conceals the Idol's Grace,
And spurs her late Defiance in his Face.

This Action proper to content Defiance,
Urging his Rage, soon kindled too the Fire,
Fierce Master devours the Wooden Slave,
And whilst that sparkles the Blest's Converse
(Smile)
The Pyramidal Flames that upward tend,
Mount the bright Souls that to their Heaven
(ascend)

THE
Broken Commands :

OR THE
H E I R
A D O P T E D.

The Third Comick Tale.



Done out of the *French* Prose of *Monsieur Louveau* into *Englisb* Verse, in Stanza's, with large Inventions, and Embelishments. By the Author.

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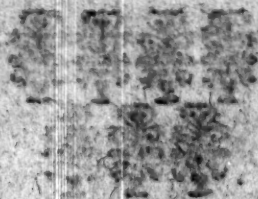
Broken Commands :

OR THE

H E I R

A D O P T E D

The Third Comic Tale.



Done out of the French Tale of M.
Jean L'Amour into English Verse, in
Stanzas, with large Interludes and
Embellishments By the Author.

The Broken Commands;

OR THE

H E I R A D O P T E D.

IN *Genova*, a Delightful Town,
Well Peopl'd, and of great Renown
For Buildings neat and fair,
And Pleasures which some highly rate,
Who value a Republick State,
Extoll'd beyond compare.

There liv'd a Gentleman of Note,
Much Honour'd for his Household Coat
And Hospitable Fame;
Who, as he did in Riches flow,
As freely did his Wealth bestow,
Renaldo was his Name.

3.

But stinted in a Progeny
Which might encrease his Family,
He only had one Son,
Whom during Childhood he took Care
To breed with Education rare,
And nothing left undone.

4.

Long liv'd they in a happy State,
Belov'd of all, till Time and Fate,
Who terminate Mens Days,
Thought fit to let the Father know
The Debt he did to Nature owe
By Sickness and Decays.

5.

Who, on his Death-Bed thrown at last,
Perceiving that his Soul did haste
To fix a Being new,
Bade, they should bring *Lisander* there,
The Name of his fore-mention'd Heir,
Whom to his Breast he drew.

6.

And as his Hand he kindly took,
After he had of Business spoke,

His

His Treasure and his Lands,
The Filial Dues he was to reap,
Charg'd him with strictest Care to keep
These his Three last Commands.

7.
First, If his Fate would have him Wed,
Not to let her who shar'd his Bed,
Tho Love, like Grain increas'd,
So deep into his Frailty grow,
That she might his chief Secret know,
But keep it in his Breast.

8.
Secondly, Not to leave this Place
Where now at ease he settled was,
For any Foreign Shoar,
Where humbled Subjects did Obey
A Prince, who as he pleas'd could sway
With Arbitrary Power.

9.
And Thirdly, If a sterile Curse
Had doom'd his Sponse to be no Nurse,
And she no Child could bear,
Not to let any Stranger prove

Th' Effects of his Paternal Love,
Nor to Adopt an Heir.

These three Injunctions being laid,
To which the Son no Scruple made,
By awful Duty ty'd;
Turning his Visage to the Wall,
With one deep Sigh, resigning all,
The good Renaldo Dy'd.

And now the Funeral Weeds prepar'd,
The Sire too decently Interr'd
With solemn mournful Shew;
Lisander, like a right true Heir,
Whatever Joy his Heart did wear,
Keeps still the Face of Woe.

But quickly did all Grief pass o'er,
For straight Rich Habits must be wore
With Ornamental Pride,
Soon after too, to Crown his Joys
With all this World's Felicities,
He takes a buxom Bride.

13.
Tall, Sanguine, Courtly, and high fed,
At Table brisk, the same in Bed,
High Front, and Sable Hair,
With these a pale, and meagre Look,
Which seem'd as if she would provoke
More than one Man could spare.

14.
Yet could her Husband find no fault,
As one that purchas'd what he sought,
In Wit an Humour rare,
Which, were the latter good or bad,
As Proof hereafter may be made,
Was now kept close with Care.

15.
But Time, that oft provides a Cross
To pall the Conjugal Embrace,
Disturbs e'er long this Pair,
Who tho' both young, and promptly fit
A numerous Off-spring to beget,
Yet still there wants an Heir.

16.
Which, when some Years look'd for in vain,
Afflicts *Lisander's* Heart and Brain,

Who

Who grew each Day more Sad,
 To think his Treasure and Estates
 Must be to Strangers that he hates
 In spite of him convey'd.

17.
 He therefore, with his Wife's Consent,
 Resolves that Danger to prevent,
 By an Adoption made;
 Tho' in the settling thus his Lands,
 One of his Father's last Commands
 He vilely disobey'd.

18.
 But rash Self-will prevailing now
 Beyond Reflection on his Vow,
 A Peasant's Son he takes,
 Well form'd in Person and in Face,
 Without considering his Race,
 And Heir apparent makes.

19.
 This done, he sets his Heart to rest,
 And gives himself to Sport and Feast,
 Which well he could afford,
 As having in his Coffers that,

Could

Could Justifie at any rate
A Grandeur like a Lord.

20.

Nor did *Ascanio*, whilst a Child,
(By which Name was th' Adopted Stild)

Forget his Dutious Lore,
But to his Foster-Father paid
Observance, which his Favour made
Increase still more and more.

21.

Who now perceiving him inclin'd
To a dislike of being confin'd

Thus to his Native Shore,
As one that in School-Books had read
Of Heroes that Fam'd Armies Lead,
And Monarchs of great Power.

22.

Was now resolv'd for his dear sake,
A Journey to the Realm to take

Of some Despotick Prince,
Whose sole and Arbitrary Sway
To them confirm'd, distinction may

'Twixt that and theirs convince.

Mons.

23.

Montferrat was the happy Strand
 To which their Progress they intend,
 A Country Rich and vast ;
 Thus was the next Injunction broke,
 Which late the wise Renaldo spoke
 E'er yet he Breath'd his Last.

24.

The Prince was young, of Cholerick Mold,
 Rash, Haughty, Positive, and Bold,
 Fierce and Precipitate
 To such a violent Degree,
 His Orders oft would fatal be
 For things of trivial weight.

25.

Yet had Lifander found the Grace,
 At Balls, the Barrier, and the Chase,
 To gain such high Esteem,
 The Prince's Deeds all kind appear,
 And all his Words so gentle were,
 As only Coin'd for him.

26.

Chief Favourite now at Court he was,
 So great, if any lack'd a Place,

And

And mov'd to him him his Suit,
Next Hour he had the Sovereign's Ear,
If in th' Affair he would appear,
'Twas done without Dispute.

At Feasts he still had highest Place,
At Sports his chief Companion was,
And Day or Night the same,
Their Humours still so jointly move,
As if with one another's Love
They felt an equal Flame.

Now was *Lisander* rais'd so high
With this new-fall'n Felicity,
It quite possess'd his Head
That all his Father's Precepts were
Th' Effects of crazy Age and Care,
And not from Wisdom bred.

How mean a Fool had I been made,
He cry'd, Had I my Sire obey'd
In these Injunctions past,
And just as blameable should be
In each ridiculous degree,
If I should keep the last.

Does not my Son, fair Duty shew,
Tho' yet he is Adopted so,

Nor can I wish for more,
And have I not this Prince's Breast,
Tho' he of these large Realms possess'd,
Owns not Superiour Power

And lastly, that my Beauteous Marc,
Were the Case dangerous and great,

The Secret would disclose
Of him that her so dearly loves,
And to whom she so tender proves,
Is senseless to suppose

These must the strange Sarmises be
Of Weakness, and Infirmary,

Doz'd Age, of Sence depriv'd,
And should have no regard with one
That to the World, like me, is known,
So Friended, Son'd, and Wiv'd.

Nor is Opinion here enough,
To shew my Wife is secret Proof,

But

But I will Tryal make;
And therefore am resolv'd to feign
Some Project of a Monstrous strain,
Which straight she shall partake.

34.

Nay, more her solid Love to prove,
I will some needless Quarrel move
Shall swell to an Abuse,
Which by her suffer'd Patiently,
And hid with Wife-like Constancy,
Shall Vouch how well I choose.

35.

So prove the Imposition laid
By me was wisely disobey'd,
Since we may Women trust;
And thus wild Thoughts *Lisander* seize,
Despising all his Sire's Decrees
And Counsels Sage, and Just.

36.

The third Command he'll therefore break,
And Tryal of his Wife will make
By some uncommon things,
Which, after studying some few Days

The Method of his Plot to raise,
Thus from Invention springs.

The Gameful Prince, to Sports inclin'd,
Of all Delights that pleas'd his mind,
Did Hawking most prefer,
And 'mongst the Rarities, his Mew
Bred up his Pastime to pursue,
One he Esteem'd most dear.

A Goss-hawk tractable to Lure,
And at his Quarry known so sure,
So swift too in his Flight,
'Twas thought by all the Skillful there
To be of Worth beyond compare,
And Value infinite.

This Treasure dearer far than Gems,
That shine in Kingly Diadems
Lysander off convey'd,
And with a trusty Friend bestows,
Desiring him to keep it close,
Whatever search was made.

Which Promis'd, Home he led alone,
And kills a Faulcon of his own;

Which he to Clara brings,
His Faithful, Fair, and Loving Wife,
Whom he had lov'd to his last breath
Beyond all Earthly things.

And having fram'd a specious Tale
He thought might on her Sence prevail,

And gain a firm Belief;
He thus began, My Dear, Thou art,
Of all the joys that Crown my Heart,
The most undoubted Chief.

A Secret therefore to thy Trust,
As part of me, disclose I must,

And here the Faulcon shews,
Telling her, 'twas the Prince's best,
That had so oft disturb'd their Rest,
And hindred sweet Repose.

I can't, says he, have time to Sleep,
Nor in thy Conversation reap

The Joys I so admire,
 For this unlucky Hunting Day,
 That takes me out of my Bed of Day,
 To follow his Desire,

Which Method, I will now be plain,
 I dislike equal with his Reign,
 And am but Friend in shew,
 Therefore have done this close Affront,
 That he may cease to Hawk and Hunt,
 And I no more may go.

Take then the Bird, and as 'twere sent,
 To cause thy present Merriment,
 As 'twill extreamly mine;
 Command the Cook 't' improve the Jest,
 To get it quickly nicely Dress'd,
 And then upon't we'll Dine.

But still take care to let it be
 Charg'd with thy strictest Secrecy,
 Of which I make no doubt;
 For well I know what furious heat,

And

And how the Prince will rave and fret
To find the matter out.

47.
But let him Threaten, Rant, and Chaff,
Whilst you and I sit down and Laugh,
Since I your Faith can trust,
And no one in the World below

Besides us, does the Secret know,
Nor e'er hereafter must.

48.
Nor do I less doubt thy Intent

In this nice Point of Government;

For an old Story shewn,

Of Midas, and his Asses Ears,

Which Secret, as it there appears,

One Woman first had known.

49.
Which, as Grave Authors all agree,

Swell'd her up like a Tympany,

And such gross Humours bred,

That she was forc'd Abroad to Ride,

And thrust (down by a River side)

Amongst the Reeds her Head.

Then, as if Cholick Pangs did crowd,
Of Asses Ears she Bawl'd aloud,

Till babling Ecchoes heard:
But this I count a Scandal rais'd
Upon that Sex that should be Prais'd,
And for their Faith endeard.

Which, to prove fully, to thy Care,
I have intrusted this Affair,

Then kiss'd her Hand, and smil'd,
The Faulcon highly too commends,
Which as a choice Bit he intends
To have on th' Infant Boil'd.

Thus long possess'd with low'ring Mood,
To hear his Tale had Clara stood

Amaz'd at what was done,
But when at last she heard the Stuff
Of dining on a Fowl so tough,
In Alt her Tongue began.

She told him 'twas not Womens work
The Husband's Actions to remark,
Or Judge their simple Deeds,

She

She only must desire the Leave,
Which with good reason she should hate,
To Judge on what she feeds.

She did not doubt the Chol'rick Prince
Would use Extreame for such Offence,
And doom to Death the Doer,
Yet to be prov'd a Faithful Wife,
She'd vye with *Portia* for her Life,
In keeping things secure.

But as to his choice Faulcon Treat,
He must Excuse, she ne'r did Eat,
And would not now begin,
It could not with her Stomach suit,
And just as thus she made dispute,
The Hawk came smoaking in.

Black as a Raven in a Park,
Which tho' he well enough did mark,
Would urge the Humour on,
And told her, for his sake she must
Consent this once the Dish to taste,
Then bade her call their Son.

But neither was the first nor last
Of his Requests perform'd in haste,

She will not touch a bit,
And for *Africa*, he was gone
To a lewd Brother in the Town,
Some roaring boys to meet,

Whose Absence aggravates the more
Lisander, who you heard before

Resolv'd a Fewd to raise,
Who told her 'twas her Step-Dame way
To slight the Youth to Night and Day,
It made him hate the Place.

Then blirts out three or four sharp jests
Upon her shameful Barrenness,

Which Plagu'd with stinging smart,
For if you such a Wife will vex,
Name but that Scandal on her Sex,
'Twill stab her to the Heart,

And lastly, to conclude the Abuse,
A Leg or Wing he bids her choose

Of that delicious Bird,
For if she put more Scruples to't,
By downright Force he'd make her do't

E'er from the Place she stir'd. *61.*

Then throws a Leg upon her Plate,
Swearing it was Angelick Meat,

Tho' it like Carrion shews,

When she, who now believes a crack

Had flaw'd his Scull, straight throws it back,

And from the Table rose. *62.*

But e'er she could remove her Place,

His Hand had lightly cross'd her Face,

With a sharp, dashing Blow;

Then Tears and Blushes Battle wage,

Which made her flounce away in Rage,

Resolv'd his Moral Foe. *63.*

Here had *Lisander* done his worst,

And ended his Resolve at first,

By an Abuse to try her,

For now he thinks it after this

She's mute, A Gem unparallel'd
That has e'er the purest
By downright Force had made her do
But Fate allow'd her
He much too far had stretch'd the String,
To hear a ~~musical~~ sound,
For jarring Discords fill her Breast;
And every Corner there possess'd,
Whilst Rage and Spite abound
Had flash'd his scull, ~~his~~ right
Th' unmanly Blow is such a Crime
Can scarce be raz'd by length of time,
Or ever get it quite removed
But to revile her Womanhood
That Scandal stabs her to the Blood
And she can ne'er forgive
Which made her fling away in Rage
All his past Love is now forgot
And her Connubial Duty taught
By Matrimonial Tye
This late rash Action does deface
Whilst straight she fixes in its Place
Revenge, her Darling Joy

The third Comic Tale.

121

'Twas past all Bounds before
Full of which Fins she flies, And needed
And soon as the sun sets, When the
To th' Prince's Levy prest, To be within
And there grown Mad with her late Wrong,
With Frantick Brain, and Clamorous Tongue,
The fatal Truth confess'd.

The Robber's close Will
Adding, to make the Guilt more great, It blew
For there's no Bound in Woman's Hate He thought

When once it overflows, And in Revenge
That he who late the Faulcon stole,
Bore inward Rancour from his Soul, And there
And was his worth of Foes. Resolves

Of Adversity 69
And that the ground of her Disgrace, Whom he
And the chief Reason why he was Tied, or
So Brutally uncivil, Dooms to be Hang'd

And her had beaten and revil'd,
Was, that because when it was boil'd, Thus scing
She would not Eat the Devil. His large

70
Thus does she fiercely aggravate The first of
The Prince, whose Anger was so great,

'Twas

'Twas past all Bounds before,
 And needed still an urther on, which Full of
 When the Delinquent he had known
 To be within his Power.

The Goshawk's Loss Inflames his Blood,
 But when he lastly understood

The Robber's close I'll-will,
 It blew his Rage to such degree,
 He thought of nought but Cruelty,
 And in Revenge to Kill.

And therefore with outrageous haste,
 Resolves *Lisander* straight shall taste
 Of Arbitrary sway;

Whom he without a longer Paſſe,
 Tryal, or troubling of the Laws,
 Dooms to be Hang'd next Day.

Thus acting, as his Passion guides,
 His large Possessions he divides
 Into three equal Parts;

The first of which was for the Wife,
 The Prince, whose Anger was so great

As a support of future Life,
And to reward Deserts,

74.

He then decrees the second share
To be for the *Adopted Heir*,
Whose grief was found but small,
The third to be the Hangman's Fee,
Who did the Business decently,
And thus dispos'd is all.

75.

Which Orders when *Arsenio* saw,
And how the Prince, whose Will was Law,
Had given the last Part,
Vex'd at the Soul at what he hears,
Home to his Mother straight repairs,
And opens there his Heart,

76.

Tells how the Prince with him and her
Had rank'd the Executioner,
A shameful, vile Abuse,
Done from th' Extrem of Rage and Hate,
Besides, one Third of the Estate
He thought too much to lose.

77. And

And therefore, if with him she'd join
To beg that he would change his Mind,
And alter that Disgrace
That he would, the Third Part to serve
For them, and keep from such a Slave,
Officiate in his Place.

Which piece of Duty offer'd to
She likes, and with dear Son will go
To get the Sovereign's Grant;
Who; tho' he wonders at the Suit
Thinks her a Jilt, and him a Brute,
Yet does at last consent.

Mean while Lisander lying Chain'd
In Jayl, thinks fit to inform his Friend
That now the Jest was o'er,
And that he to the Prince should bear
The Hawk committed to his Care,
As Lusty as before.

His Friend, as was dem'd, made haste
To let his Master know the Jest,

But could not get the **Grace**
 To be admitted to his **Speech**,
 Tho' he the Favour does beseech,
 His **Prayer** so strong did last,
 The Tears now trickling down his Face,
 He will not see, nor hear a Friend
 That for **Lisander** does pretend
 To bring the least **Excuse**,
 But gave instead, a fresh **Command**
 The Pris'ner should be out of hand
 Truſt'd for the late **Abuse**,
 Who being told his Friend had try'd
 To gain Access, but was deny'd
 In an unlucky **Hour**,
 Begins to Curse that **Fatal Day**,
 When first he made himself a Prey
 To **Arbitrary Power**.
 Happy that Nation then he thought,
 Where no one was to Ruin brought
 By **Tyranny** or **Hate**,
 Where Reason, and well-studied Law,

A Rule direct did enact,
 To govern Poor and Great,
 When midst the Whores his Brain oppress'd,
 The Tears now trickling down his Face,
 Whilst Horror fills his Breast,
 His dear *Adapted* enters in,
 Who just with the hot Bricks had been
 Pursuing his Request,
 Who with a Frontless Impudence,
 Declares the Villanous Contents
 Of what he late had done,
 Then lowly does for Pardon *Kiss*,
 And begs he will not take it ill
 If turn'd off by his Son,
 Since by that Office, one whole Share
 Of his Estate, fell to the *Heir*
 He had so dearly lov'd,
 And who now waiting on his Death,
 So dexterously would stop his Breath,
 His Duty should be prov'd

That

87.

That he the Fatal Cord would tye
About his Neck so Artfully,

It should that Minute free him;
Besides with Fist his Breast he'd beat,
And pull so kindly at his Feet,
'Twould do him good to see him.

88.

This said, the dangling Rope he shews,
And without more Reluctance throws
About his Father's Neck,

Who was, with what he saw and heard,
So much confounded, and so scar'd,
One word he could not speak.

89.

Till after some small Respite made,
Renaldo's Orders disobey'd,

Came fresh into his Pate;
And now the good Old Man he own'd
To have a Judgment strong and sound,
And all his Reasons Weight.

90.

A Wife he found might Faithless be,
A Son Adopted, Vile as he,

Unjust

Unjust and Rash a Prince
None need in Argument to fall
To clear the Case, he own'd it all,
Sad Proofs do now convince,

And smother'd Anger rais'd at last,
He calls the Adopted — Villain — Beast,

Unnatural Ingrate;
But all in vain, the Guard being come,
The Hour too, to conclude his Doom,
He drags him through the Street,

Then on the Gibbet gets astride,
Pulling his Father, strongly ty'd,

Up from the Ladder Foot,
Who there a Preachment does commence
On dreadful Disobedience,
And its unlucky Fruit,

To all the Crowd good Counsel gave,
Bids 'em Regard to Parents have,
And not Wise Age to scoff;
Thus, whilst he does their Pity move,

The kind *Adopted* fits above,
Ready to turn him off.

But now 'tis fit to let him feel
The Effect of Fortune's turning Wheel,

And rid him of his Fear,
For his true Friend at last had got
Th'access to th' Prince he long had sought;
And made him Reason hear.

The Darling Goshawk was produc'd,
The Reason told too why he us'd

The Trick, and to what End;
With this addition, that he was

Now, as when first he found his Grace,
His true and Loyal Friend.

Which, when the Prince now cool does hear,
And saw his Hawk too fresh and fair,

Shame does a Blush create;
When, lest the fatal Fact be done,

He bids a Guard there waiting, run
And fetch the Pris'ner straight.

Who quickly through the Crowd does break,
And with the Cord about his Neck,

Lisander bears away, and now to see him
The Mother and the Son too brings
To give account of certain things
That Execution Day.

98.
The Prince, for his rash Anger past,
Was sorry, and his Friend Embrac'd,
Who begs him Pardon too;
But vile *Ascanio*, and the base
Jilt *Clara*, to the Hanging-Place
Dooms without more ado.

99.
For whom *Lisander* kindly Pleads,
And with the Sovereign intercedes,
To spare th' Extremity,
Then sends his Curs'd Domestick Strife,
Relentless Devil of a Wife,
Into a Nunnery.

100.
And next, the hopeful Youth, his Heir,
He thus harangues, -- take Slave, and wear

This

The third Comick Tale.

This Rope you me design'd,
And through the World a Vagrant go,
For this is all the Portion now

You e'er are like to find.

And tho' the Comfort's not so great
As the rich part of my Estate

You thought to fix your own,
'Twill answer well your sharp set Wit,
And your Desert much better fit

Than Wealth so bulky grown.

102.

Brown mouldy Crufts must be in vogue,
And a cold Barn, y' ungrateful Rogue,

Instead of Pallates soft,
And soon Abroad no doubt you'll find
Rare Tutors of the Ragged kind,
To learn their Gentle Craft.

103.

Amongst those Vagabonds appear,
And be the Whipping-Post your Cheer

Both Town and Country o'er;
Thus like a Villain chew the Cudd

Of base abhorr'd Ingratitude,
But see my Face no more.

This said, the Rabble that did wait,
With Hootings thrust him out oth' Gate,

A Shameful Course to steer;
Either to beg the Country through,
Or with his Father, at the Plough
Sweat out the Labour'd Year.

The Wife too crosses, now ferment,
Who to a Reverend Abbess sent,
Must spend her Days in Prayer,
A Life to her so great a Curse,
They could not vex her Humour worse,
'Twas so against the Hair.

But let her fret, and bite the Nail,
Lisander's Order does prevail,
Back'd with Superiour Power,
Who now intends his Heart shall rest
From Plagues that would have fill'd his Breast
In many a future Hour.

107.

And tho' the Prince makes large amends,
And Treats him now amongst the Friends
He does most Worthy own
Yet bearing still in Mind the Shape
And Idea of his late Escape,
Resolves he will be gone.

108.

One of his Fathers Wife Commands,
Who bade him keep from foreign Lands,
Despotically sway'd;
The rash neglect of which before,
Had caus'd the Danger just blown o'er,
Shall be at last Obey'd.

109.

And tho' the flighting of the rest
Raifes a Pang within his Breast,
And stings with secret Shame,
Yet having thus Experience bought
The Ills by Disobedience taught,
No more shall blast his Fame.

110. The

110.

The dangerous Secret of his Life,
 Shall never swell again a Wife
 With a Tympanious Matter,
 Nor shall Adaption of an Heir
 Cause such dire change in his Affair,
 To bring him to a Halter.

111.

Rinaldo's Ordinances pass'd,
 And the wise Words he spoke at last,
 E'er he resign'd his Breath,
 Shall be Imprinted in his Soul;
 There, deep as in a Brazen Serowl
 Remain admir'd till Death.

112.

Which Resolution being made,
 And the design'd Contrivance laid
 For his Removal thence,
 He th' Matter opportunely breaks,
 And within few Days after takes
 His Farewel of the Prince.

113.

In *Genova*, his dear Native Place,
Where his good Father sleeps in Peace,
His Head must Hoary grow,
And there long Life with Joy he pass,
Till Time gave Period to't at last,
As to my Story now.

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